

The Daily Mirror

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One Halfpenny.

FALL OF 250,000 TONS OF CLIFF AT DOVER.



A quarter of a million tons of chalk cliff at St. Margaret's Bay, near Dover, have slipped down to the foreshore. A perpendicular piece of cliff 200ft. in length and about 50ft. in depth tumbled into the sea on Tuesday morning, and since then other portions of the chalk have fallen. This photograph shows a portion of the ruins as they lay piled 30ft. high on the beach and extending a quarter of a mile out to sea yesterday afternoon.—(Spicer.)

TO-DAY'S CONTEST FOR THE MILE END DIVISION.



Mr. Harry Lawson, son of Lord Burnham, the Unionist candidate at to-day's election, receiving a deputation of East End out-of-works during his electioneering tour of the constituency.

Mr. Lawson is the centre figure of the group.—(Copyright: *Daily Mirror*.)

£10,000 DEAD OR ALIVE.



Dr. Sun Yat Sen; the revolutionary Chinaman, who has just arrived in London. The Chinese Government puts a price of £10,000 on his head. He is not afraid of being captured, but is returning to China shortly in disguise. He will be beheaded on sight without trial if detected by the spies of the Empress.

THE GREAT REVIVAL.

50,000 Prayers To Be Offered
for Money to Save
London.

DANCING DENOUNCED.

Dr. Torrey Tells the "Daily Mirror"
Why He Condemned the
Ball-room.

TWELVE HOURS' PRAYER.

The religious revival in Wales, and the extraordinary scenes to which it has given rise, are finding an echo in nearly every city and town in England.

Everywhere, as a clergyman has expressed it, the air is electric among Christian people.

In London thousands of helpers are at work perfecting the organisation which is deemed necessary for the campaign which Dr. Torrey and Mr. Charles Alexander begin in the Albert Hall on February 4.

In Manchester and the district revival services are being held at many of the churches and are evoking the greatest enthusiasm. "I simply open the meeting," writes a clergyman, "and it is then taken possession of by the congregation, people rising in different parts of the church and praying or speaking and singing."

From Rhos, Ruabon, in Wales, comes the news that over eleven hundred converts have declared themselves out of a population of 10,000, and yesterday business was practically suspended for a parade of the district.

In Liverpool Dr. Torrey and Mr. Alexander are sweeping the town with their enthusiasm. Thousands are confessing to a change of life.

From all quarters, indeed, news is being received by the *Daily Mirror* of a vast religious awakening throughout England, and nowhere are the signs of this remarkable campaign against disbelief and indifference more evident than in London.

PRAYING FOR FUNDS.

Some Further Details About the Great Albert Hall Campaign.

An appeal to the Christian public is to be made immediately for financial support for the Torrey-Alexander Mission, which begins in the Albert Hall on February 4.

"It is estimated," said the secretary, Mr. J. H. Putterill, yesterday, "that the mission will cost about £17,000."

From the council and its friends a sum of £8,000 has been raised; and it is expected that £3,000 or £4,000 will result from collections at the meetings. So it is necessary to raise another £5,000.

"The hire of the Albert Hall alone for two months will cost more than £2,500, and a huge building for special meetings has to be erected at Birkenhead."

Among those who have already enrolled themselves as helpers in the great mission—and they already number fifty thousand—every day has its special prayer.

To-morrow the subject is the necessary funds for the mission, and so to-morrow 50,000 persons will be praying that the mission may be supplied with money.

To-day's prayer is that the Godless may be converted and converted.

For the other days of the week the following subjects are given:

SUNDAY.—For the unhindered working of the Holy Spirit in and upon all who take part in the conduct of the mission and all who attend its meetings.

MONDAY.—That workers may be raised up whom they may be "taught of God" humble and self-effacing and full of faith and power.

TUESDAY.—That the count and executive committee of the secretaries may have guidance in all the arrangements to be made, and may constantly bear in mind our Lord's words: "Apart from Me ye can do nothing."

WEDNESDAY.—That all denominations of God's people in London may recognise and take advantage of

the opportunities to win souls offered them by the mission, and may be "Of one mind in the Lord." SATURDAY.—For yourself, "Lord what wilt Thou have me to do?" in view of this mission, and in obedience to Thy command: "Go ye therefore and make disciples."

More than 2,000 names are now enrolled in the choir, which is already at work rehearsing the mission hymns, the women, so far, outnumbering the men in the proportion of about ten to seven. There are titled and other ladies, nurses, shopgirls, domestic servants, soldiers, sailors, and workmen in this remarkable choir, which is drawn from rich and poor alike. An old lady of seventy-three, with a fine soprano voice, is one of its most enthusiastic members.

For the mission work in London 4,803 men and women are to be employed day by day:

Clerks	3,000
Visiting workers	700
Stewards	600
Inquiry workers	500
Dr. Torrey and Mr. Alexander	2
Mr. Prangnell (pianist)	1
	4,803

Special badges and tickets are in preparation, and the stewards will be distinguished from the workers by different colours.

At each meeting the choir will number about 1,000. The stewards will take one turn in four meetings, thus ensuring an attendance of 125 at each.

DR. TORREY ON DANCING.

His Reply to the "Daily Mirror's" Critical Leading Article.

Dr. Torrey, of the Torrey-Alexander mission, confessed to the *Daily Mirror*, at Liverpool yesterday, that he had read the critical leader in Tuesday's paper on his condemnation of dancing.

He said: "My attitude is not based upon the supposition that men and women are rotten to the core, I do not say that society is rotten to the core, but I do resent that there are very many mortal lepers in society, and the *Daily Mirror* knows that as well as I."

"There is no doubt about it.

"I have been a great deal in society on both sides of the Atlantic, and I know more about dancing in the upper class than most people. I was once regarded as the finest waltzer in my set in America, and I have also had the management of charity balls."

"This is no bad of mine, but I was asked my view upon a subject of practical interest, and I gave it, and adhere to it, without wishing to force it down people's throats.

"Let Christian people choose for themselves what they think is best for themselves, their wives, and their daughters; but do not leave these people in utter ignorance of the true character of the men to whom they are introduced."

TWELVE HOURS OF PRAYER.

General Booth's Stirring Appeal to the Salvation Army.

Indefatigable, despite his age, General Booth, noting the extraordinary wave of religious fervour which is beginning over the country, has set apart a day for confession, humiliation, and prayer throughout England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales.

On Thursday, January 19, the Hall will be open from ten in the morning to ten at night, perhaps longer, that all may come as they are willing and able the whole day through.

General Booth will lead this campaign of prayer against the hosts of evil, of doubt and disbelief.

"All that is aimed at," says the General, "is to make an opportunity for men and women whose hearts are on fire with a holy desire for more of the Kingdom of Heaven in their own lives and labours to pour out their souls—confess their sins—and reconsecrate themselves to the work of glorifying God and saving men."

Not in London only, but throughout the provinces also will Thursday, the 19th inst., be observed as a day of prayer. Already special appointments have been made in the following towns, and other important fixtures are being arranged:

Aberdeen	Cradley	Kidderminster	Reading
Accrington	Crews	Kilmarnock	Rotherham
Barnsley	Derby	Leeds	Rugby
Birmingham	Durley	Midlands	Sheffield
Bradford	Edinburgh	Newcastle	Southend
Bristol	Exeter	Newport	Swansea
Bury	Glasgow	Northampton	Walsall
Cheltenham	Hull	Nottingham	Wolverhampton
Chester	Kettering	Plymouth	Wrexham

THE GENERAL'S CALL.

An eloquent appeal to his army, General Booth says:—

"God is amongst us. I find Him wonderfully nigh at hand and gloriously mighty to save."

"Something is wanted that shall command the attention of the masses to the claims of God—the evil of sin—the danger of the unconverted, and the necessity for seeking God while He may be found."

"... Specially remember the 19th. Oh, make it a model day—a memorable day—a day to be remembered on earth, in Heaven, and in Hell."

"My heart is full of expectation," the General concludes. "Comrades, I trust you. I rely on you. You never have failed me, and you never will."

So widespread has been the revival of religious feeling that during the last two months the Bible Society received three times the amount of orders for the corresponding period of 1903.

THE DAILY MIRROR.

BALTIC FLEET DANGER.

Japanese Squadron Only a Few Days Out from Madagascar.

It is reported that a Japanese squadron has been sighted at the Chagos Islands, only 1,100 miles from Madagascar.

Admiral Rojestvensky has ordered that vigilance shall be redoubled in the Baltic Fleet.

The third division of the Baltic Fleet, under Admiral Botirowsky, entered the Suez Canal at midday yesterday. Its destination is said to be Madagascar.

Two steamers, with coal for the Russians, are reported to have arrived at Labuan, off the coast of Borneo, and two Japanese transports have been seen off the island.

PROCEDURE OF COMMISSION.

PARIS, Wednesday.—The Commissioners of the International Inquiry into the North Sea incident at this afternoon's sitting decided that the proceedings shall be public so far as the capacity of the hall will allow. About thirty Pressmen will be admitted. Tickets will be divided among the respective admirals for distribution. The Commission will sit not as a tribunal, but as an inquiry to establish facts. There will be no pleading, only questions and answers. The next meeting is fixed for to-morrow at two o'clock.—Exchange.

MURDERER IN TEARS.

Woman Miser Killed with a Hatchet by Her Son in Her Lonely Forest Hovel.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Wednesday.—At the little town of Chaville, near Paris, last night, a labourer named Michel le Pehouc, aged twenty-two years, brutally murdered his old mother with a hatchet.

The woman, who was a great miser, bought a piece of land in the forest, on which her son built a hovel.

While his mother was asleep Michel savagely attacked her, and afterwards gave himself up to the police.

He spent the night in his cell laughing, but on seeing the body of his mother at the "reconstitution" of the crime to-day he wept.



Mr. Joseph Chamberlain.

EMPEROR OF SAHARA

Will Give Lectures in Switzerland to Explain His Position.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

LUCERNE, Wednesday.—M. Lebaudy, the French millionaire whose claims to the "Empire of the Sahara" have caused no little amusement, has arrived here with his suite.

The "Emperor" is indignant that he should have been exposed to ridicule, and has announced his intention of giving a series of public lectures in which he will explain his own position, and also, as he vaguely says, "things generally."

LIVERPOOL STEAMER LOST.

It is feared that the Carapanama, a steamer which sailed from Liverpool on December 31 for Pará, has founderered off St. David's Head.

Several bodies have been washed ashore at different points on the North Pembrokeshire coast, and these have been identified by relatives.

They are Captain Whelan, Arthur Oliphant (mate), and Albert Edwards Hadfield (second engineer).

The crew numbered twelve.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN AT PRESTON.

Great Speech to 5,000 People on Tariff Reform.

THE COTTON TRADE.

"The Issue Depends Entirely Upon Whether You Are Ready to Use Your Strength."

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

PRESTON, Wednesday Evening.—It is questionable whether the visit of any statesman has ever been so eagerly anticipated in Preston as that of Mr. Chamberlain to-day. Ficulitis has been the absorbing topic of conversation for days in both public and private resorts, and there has been great speculation as to how Mr. Chamberlain would defend his policy so far as it would affect the cotton trade.

ENTHUSIASTIC RECEPTION.

When the meeting opened every foot of the building was crowded, and over 5,000 persons present. Alderman Forshaw presided, and on the platform were a large number of members of Parliament.

On Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlain ascending the platform the audience sprang to its feet and cheered lustily for several minutes.

Mr. Chamberlain, rising to speak, was greeted with tremendous cheering.

He began asking them to give him their attention while he spoke of his policy, which, right or wrong, was of immense importance to the country. He would never hold office in a Government again unless he could advance the great cause to which he had devoted the remainder of his strength and life.

It had been said that his object was to make the rich richer and the poor poorer. That was an infamous statement, which was contradicted by his whole life's record. The object of the whole movement was to secure more employment at fair wages for the working men of the country.

Plunging at once into the question uppermost in every mind, Mr. Chamberlain said that the whole time the price of cotton had been so high they in Lancashire had been on short time. But protected States had consumed more cotton—how did they account for that?

How was it that these States, who, by every argument of the free importers, ought to be ruined, had used more cotton than they had?

IS IT SATISFACTORY?

If they had made exactly the same amount of cotton goods and cotton yarn, had they benefited by the fact that, owing to the rise in the raw material, the price of cotton had gone up, and the exports of cotton had increased in value, although not in bulk?

No, they had derived no advantage from that rise in price. The whole thing had acted to their disadvantage. During the time that cotton was so high they had been on short time; they had consumed less cotton.

Again, these protected foreigners were sending more and more of their manufactured goods to this country, and we were sending less and less to them. This exchange was not satisfactory. These foreign countries, whom he asked them to remember, ought to be ruined, had during the past thirty years sent more and more manufactures to us, and we had sent less to them.

The same remark, said Mr. Chamberlain, applied to labour.

"If this continues we shall lose all our trade with these protected countries."

"I ask for a remedy," said Mr. Chamberlain amid resounding cheers. "If you want to increase your trade you must compel it, for we will only get it because you are the strongest."

"The issue depends entirely upon whether you are ready to use your strength."

Continuing, Mr. Chamberlain said he could only show what the general result of his policy would be as affecting the whole country, and not as affecting various trades. Cotton, he admitted, was an exceptional case. Had they satisfied themselves that the condition of the cotton trade was satisfactory now and favourable for the future?

A voice cried "Yes!" With a grave smile Mr. Chamberlain remarked that if he were interested in the cotton trade he would feel anxiety for the future, and quoted statistics showing that since 1876 Great Britain's consumption of the world's cotton supply had declined from 41 to 23 per cent., and their proportion of the world's trade was still rapidly diminishing.

"DAILY MIRROR" BUYS A SLAVE.

Unfortunate Man in the
Depths of Despair Sells
Himself for £2.

HOMELESS—HUNGRY.

Having Purchased Frederick Lucas,
What Shall We Do With Him?

The "Daily Mirror" has bought a slave.
This statement is made in all seriousness.
Read what follows and you will see how serious
the matter is.

How many men in the poverty-stricken districts of London would be willing to sell themselves as slaves to ensure for themselves, poor fellows, shelter and food to keep body and soul together? Possibly hundreds. We know of at least one.

Frederick Lucas is his name. He has sold himself to the *Daily Mirror* as a slave.

But slavery is an abomination—a thing abhorred by every Englishman. What does this mean?

Do not think we are stereotyped conventional slave-owners. Our slave can run away from us if he chooses. If he runs away we will not seek to recover him. But he does not mean to run away.

A CRY FROM WEST HAM.

This is how he was acquired:—

Among the hundreds of letters that every morning's post brings was a grim envelope, the postmark on which showed that it came from West Ham, the district stricken with work-famine. The enclosure inside said:—

Wave Lodging House, 234-235, Victoria Dock-road, Custom House, West Ham, E.,
Jan. 9, 1905.

To the *Daily Mirror*.

Respected Sirs.—Hoping you will forgive the liberty, I am writing to you to say that I am starving because I can't get work. I live in West Ham, where there are thousands of men starving like me. My wife and children are starving, and it goes to my heart to hear them cry for bread. The reason why I am applying to the *Daily Mirror* is—I was walking down by the Custom House yesterday when a newspaper was blown out of a man's hand who was reading it, and I picked it up, and it was a *Daily Mirror*. I gave it to the man, and then it struck me that I might get a job at the *Daily Mirror*. I'm tired out asking for jobs, I have tramped London through and through asking. It is cruel work tramping about on an empty stomach, asking for a job, I can tell you. I have not done a stroke of work for two months, and I'm telling the straight truth when I say that I haven't tasted a bit of decent food for a week, bar what I've got from the charitable people that are giving food away. That and crusts and odds and ends I got hold of is all that I've had.

I've gone and looked at the river often of nights and thought that I'd throw myself in, but something has stopped me—it may be it is the thought of my wife and little ones at home calling for bread. Can't you take me on? You must have some work for a poor chap to do at your office.

I'm not very strong now, because I have been starving, but I could earn enough for my keep. Give me just one chance; you can use me as a slave if you like. You can buy me for a slave, that's it. I want to be a slave and be fed for certain, and have a bit to give to my wife and youngsters.—Yours respectfully,

FREDERICK LUCAS.

To be a slave! What sort of man was this who wished to be a slave? The man was told to come and show himself.

MAN OF TEARS AND DESPAIR.

A short man came, a man with a face that had once been full of intelligence and keenness, but which was now pulled out of its proper shape by misery. A man of tears and despair, evidently. A broken-spirited man. A man who walked with a heart-broken walk. A man with a bedraggled walk—with a walk that walks hopeless creatures to self-destruction. A hopeless man.

"I am the man who wants to be a slave," he said.

The bitterness of his tone was that terrible bitterness that is an amalgam of despair and non-chalance.

"But are you worth buying? What is your price?" he was asked.

His square chin thrust itself out, and for a moment looked like the sturdy, independent chin

nature had meant it to be. Then, when he saw he was not being trifled with, it returned to despair. "I will sell myself for £10," he said, "and victuals and shelter."

"But you are not worth £10; at least, why should you be worth £10? What can you do?"

"I don't know—anything," was the miserable answer.

"Will you sell yourself for £2?"

"Yes."

That was how we got our slave.

WE HAD TO BUY HIM FROM SHEER FITY.

And now what are we going to do with him? Perhaps our readers can answer. He is an intelligent man, and he is bound to do anything we tell him. If we told him to see how long a man could walk in the streets before he dropped down exhausted he would make the experiment. But we do not intend to use our slave quite so harshly as that.

Still, he is at our disposal, ready to do anything hard and unpleasant as long as it is useful.

What do our readers suggest?

PAUPER BAIRNS AND PANTOMIME.

Lambeth Guardians Forbid Children to
See "Aladdin."

With the kindest intention in the world, Mr. J. Murray Elliott, of Brixton Theatre, sent an invitation to the children under the control of the board of guardians at Norwood Schools to witness a matinée performance of the pantomime, "Aladdin," at Brixton Theatre, free of charge.

It lay with the Lambeth Board of Guardians to accept or decline the invitation. To the great regret of the children the guardians at their meeting yesterday decided, by ten votes to six, to thank Mr. J. Murray Elliott for his offer, and to say that they could not let the children go.

It was Lieutenant-Colonel Mackinley who moved that the invitation be not accepted. He contended that, by allowing children under their control to attend theatres, the guardians would be subjecting them to great moral danger. There was no wrong in the theatre itself, but, as they well knew, there were certain surroundings that acted to the disadvantage of the children, especially girls.

Rev. E. Denny did not take the same view of the matter, as the mover of the resolution. He did not think children could come to any harm by attending a decent theatre, and preferred pauper children should go out a little more like other children.

PANTOMIME WITH A PURPOSE.

Over a hundred fisher children will take part in the vicar of Gorleston's annual pantomime, to be produced in his parish on January 26.

Though keeping to the old-fashioned story of "The Babes in the Wood," the Rev. Forbes Phillips has introduced a novel ending.

Conscience, in the form of a ghost, pursues the baron with such unrelenting attentions that the wretched man repents, and the babes are saved.

RAN THE BLOCKADE.

British Coal Steamer Not Reported Since Her Arrival at Vladivostok.

Four and a half months ago the London steamer Claverdale left Barry with Welsh coal for Vladivostok, and has not been heard of since running the blockade.

Yesterday her insurance was seventy-one guineas per cent. The owners, Messrs. Haslehurst and Co., Billiter House, seen by the *Daily Mirror*, said, "She is only one of the many boats on the same track that have not been reported."

The Claverdale left with 7,000 tons of somebody's coal on September 1. In November she put into Hong Kong, and was covered by insurance for war risks. She ran the blockade to Vladivostok and has not been reported since."

According to the owners the blockade has been regularly run by Americans, the Canton having entered Vladivostok three times.

A line of vessels running from Chifu to Vladivostok has run the blockade, it was said, for months.

The Claverdale is commanded by Captain Evans Thomas and worked by a mixed crew.

WAR OFFICE AND SHOEBURYNESS.

It was stated yesterday that the Shoeburyness School of Gunnery was to be transferred to Golden Hill, Freshwater, Isle of Wight.

Upon inquiry at the War Office yesterday evening the *Daily Mirror* was informed that no such transfer was in contemplation. A committee had been considering the desirability of removing some small branch of the work to Freshwater, to which he was recently presented by the Duke of Devonshire.

As Sir John Chute Nelligan, Recorder of Cork, was sitting in court yesterday morning he received news from Chute Hall, Traelie, of the death of his wife.

MORE CLIFF-SLIDES.

A Million Tons of Chalk Ready
To Crash Into the Sea.

LARGE DANGER AREA.

Further falls of cliff took place near Dover yesterday, and there is every reason to fear that a landslide of gigantic dimensions is about to take place.

The land at the top of the cliff near St. Margaret's has sagged considerably during the last forty-eight hours, and the cracks continue to widen in a threatening manner.

An area extending from fifty to a hundred yards back from the edge of the cliff is affected, and every hour shows more prominent signs of subsidence.

A million tons of cliff is now on the very point of crashing into the sea.

Tuesday's fall, as described by Mr. Berry, an eye-witness, was a terrible and appalling spectacle.

Mr. Berry was contemplating the cliffs from the beach when he saw an immense mass of cliff detach itself and topple over into the sea with a noise louder than the loudest thunder.

Hastily moving to a safer spot, he stood fascinated by the sight of the huge fragments of chalk slipping out to sea. The whole mass seemed to writhe as

MR. J. A. KENSIT,



Who has been accepted as Protestant candidate for the Birkenhead, Liverpool, parliamentary division at the next election.—(Russell & Sons.)

though convulsed by some mysterious power, and clouds of white dust shot up from time to time, producing a weird effect.

The debris is now spread along the base of the cliff to a width of from 200 to 300 yards, forming at low water a long causeway seawards.

The upper portion of the cliff overhangs in a most dangerous manner, and the strictest precautions are taken by the coastguardsmen to prevent curious visitors from encroaching on the danger area.

Many hundreds of people visited the spot yesterday.

ONE-DAY SOLDIERS.

Lieutenant-Colonel A. V. Payne, commanding the 2nd Battalion of the Wiltshire Regiment at Borden Camp, Hants, writes to say that the statement which appeared in the *Daily Mirror* that for nearly a month an average of fourteen men per week had been disappearing from his regiment is incorrect.

Colonel Payne states that the total number of deserters from his battalion in 1904 was ten, of whom eight rejoined, leaving a net loss of two men. This is a record of which any regiment might be proud.

NOT A CONVERT TO ROME.

The report that the Rev. Stephen Gladstone, late Rector of Hawarden, had joined the Church of Rome was characterised yesterday by the Bishop of St. Asaph as "absurd and groundless."

The late rector has been travelling in Italy for the benefit of his health, and expects to return at the end of the month in order to take charge of the living of Barrowby, Lincolnshire, to which he was recently presented by the Duke of Devonshire.

In naval circles at Dartmouth it is stated that the date fixed for the opening of the Naval College at Dartmouth by the Prince of Wales is February 28.

SAVED FROM CANNIBALISM.

Horrifying Experiences of a Shipwrecked Crew in an Open Boat.

21 LIVES LOST.

A shocking story of suffering and privations endured at sea in an open boat is told by the twelve survivors of the dredger Texas, who have just arrived at Waterford.

When picked up by the brigantine Mercedes, off the Azores, the men were all delirious, and had just drawn lots to decide which among them should die to provide food for the rest.

The man upon whom the lot had fallen has not yet recovered from the shock, and it is feared that he may become permanently insane.

The Texas was bound from Danzig to Galveston. On Christmas Day she foundered in a storm and sank.

The captain, with twelve of the crew, took to one boat, and the chief officer, with nineteen men, launched another.

This second boat almost immediately filled and sank, and not one man of its crew was rescued. The other boat drifted about for days, the unhappy sailors suffering the extremes of hunger and cold.

Three days before they were sighted by the Mercedes one man jumped overboard in his delirium, and was drowned.

The twelve survivors were transferred to the steamer Zeno, and taken by her to Waterford. They are still in a very weak condition, many of them being covered with sores. They are being looked after by the United States Consular agent at Waterford.

Their names are: J. A. Mint (Galveston), master; C. Gede (Magdeburg, Germany), second mate; R. Snellin, steward; and Able-seamen H. Petersen, C. Vegne, R. Storka, J. Tosold, P. Cherisoli, O. Haga, and Firemen W. Jansen and A. Tolson.

THE UNEMPLOYED.

Deputation to Mr. Balfour—Great Ship Canal Scheme for Scotland.

Mr. Balfour has consented to receive a deputation of the representatives of the unemployed early next month before the meeting of Parliament.

To assist the Scottish unemployed a cyclopean scheme is proposed.

The idea, which is at present only tentative, is to cut Scotland in two by means of a great ship canal nearly forty miles long through the narrow strip of land between the Firth of Forth and the Clyde.

The two canals that already intersect Scotland at this point are only wide enough for coal barges.

The scheme will provide work for thousands of the unemployed.

MARRIED BY SIGNS.

Only the Clergyman Spoke at the Wedding of Two Deaf Mutes.

Four deaf and dumb persons stood before the altar in the parish church of Bulwell, a coal-mining suburb of Nottingham, when pretty Miss Sarah Nicholls, of that parish, was married to Mr. Thomas Hutton, of Stapleford.

The bride and bridegroom, a bridesmaid, the best man, and most of the congregation were deaf mutes.

The curate of Bulwell read the familiar words of the service to the couple, and the local missioner of the Deaf Mutes' Society interpreted them in manual language.

In the same strange way—by the finger and sign language—the bride and bridegroom took their vows of loyalty and love.

THE KING IN LONDON.

The King spent yesterday very quietly at Buckingham Palace, and did not go out of doors. His Majesty will hold a Council at the Palace this morning, when the date of the reassembling of Parliament will be definitely fixed.

TRIBUTE TO LORD RUSSELL.

When unveiling yesterday the statue of Lord Russell of Killowen—which has been placed in the central hall of the Law Courts—the Lord Chancellor said there could be no more fitting end to a man's career than that it should be truly said of him that he had done earnestly and well the duty he was called upon to do.

WHO WILL WIN AT MILE END?

Result of the Poll Awaited with Keen Excitement.

CANDIDATES' ESTIMATES.

Both Sides Looking for a Victory by a Narrow Majority.

Polling Day—To-day.

Candidates—Mr. H. Lawson (C).

Mr. B. Straus (L).

Who will win?

Conservatives expect a majority of 100. Liberals anticipate gaining the day by 200.

An old electioneer's forecast: result extremely doubtful.

By ten o'clock to-night Mile End will be cheering the victor—will it be Mr. Lawson or Mr. Straus?

Both sides prophesy victory, but the Liberals have a big majority to wipe off.

Mile End has been true to Conservatism for twenty years. But if, following in the wake of Stalybridge, the Liberal candidate is returned, and this is possible—it will be a staggering blow to the Government.

The previous elections have resulted as follows:

	1886.	1895.
Charrington (C)	2,116	2,383
White (L)	1,231	1,516
Con. maj.	629	867
Charlton (C)	1,836	1,900
Hayman (L)	1,924	2,440
Con. maj.	1,931	1,230
Con. maj.	273	1,160

At the outset the task of effacing the majority of 1,160 by which the late Mr. Charrington held the seat seemed so formidable that the result was generally regarded as a foregone conclusion.

But the further Mr. Straus's supporters have proceeded with their canvass the more gratifying have been the returns brought to the Liberal committee-rooms.

Indeed, last night the Liberals were confident of winning the seat by 200.

On the other hand the Conservatives are equally sure of victory. They look for 100 majority.

"I am justifiably confident," said Mr. Lawson to the *Daily Mirror* yesterday, "but of course it depends on the constituency being polled out."

In 1900 only 3,720 voters, or 63 per cent. of the total, voted.

It is the belief of Mr. Straus and his friends that a large percentage of those who abstained last time would have voted but for their disinclination to oppose the aged and benevolent Mr. Charrington.

Mr. Straus met sympathisers with the unemployed, who have hitherto always voted Liberal, and however, likely to vote for Mr. Lawson to-day.

The Conservative candidate received a deputation of the unemployed at the Central Committee Rooms yesterday, and at the close Mr. W. Salmon, who presented it, expressed his full satisfaction to the *Daily Mirror* with Mr. Lawson's replies, significantly adding, as the head of the delegation which recently waited on "C. B."—"I was disgusted with the way in which Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman talked round the question."

Immense excitement existed in Mile End yesterday, and in the afternoon and evening the services of extra police were required outside the various committee rooms to keep the pavements open for traffic.

Several free-fights took place. A record number of motor-cars and broughams have been promised for to-day."

The poll will be declared at the Public Library, Bancroft-road.

The result may be expected shortly before ten o'clock.

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WEALTHY MAN'S MANIA.

Midnight Rambles Through the Streets in Search of Odds and Ends.

Mr. John James, an eccentric, wealthy, old Canadian cattle ranch owner, who has been lodging at 12, Star-street, Edgware-road, for the past ten months, recently developed a mania for collecting all kinds of refuse from the streets and storing it in his bedroom.

His landlord objected strongly, and told the lodger that he would have to take the rubbish into the yard.

Mr. James agreed to do so, but continued his strange pursuit after midnight, when the rest of the tired inhabitants in Star-street were sleeping. He went about his work merrily, and would sing as he trudged out with his sack over his shoulder, "For its my delight on a starry night to chase dull care away."

Complaints have recently been made concerning the disappearance of milk-cans and other articles, with the result that James was charged before Mr. Plowden, at Marylebone, yesterday, with the theft of a milk-can from a doorstep in Bouverie-street. He was remanded for inquiries to be made into the state of his mind.

The landlord of No. 12, who lives in the house, has told what he knows of the history of James.

"Last April," he said, "Mr. James came here and rented our first-floor front. He appeared to be a very respectable man in good circumstances. We understood that he had considerable property in Canada and drew £50 a quarter from the London and Scotch Bank."

"Mr. James wore a frock-coat, silk hat, gold watch and chain, with a diamond ring, and my

PURIFIED PANTOMIMES.



Rev. Charles Croucher, of Exeter, the organiser of the "Pleasant Sunday Afternoons." He has just had a "Pantomime Day," and invited the performers in the local pantomimes to attend.

and myself congratulated ourselves upon having such a nice lodger.

"About six weeks ago," he continued, "he began to neglect his appearance, and started to go out with a sack, picking up all kinds of rubbish in the streets. I forbade him to do it, but he evaded us by going out and returning when we were in bed."

"His sister, who lives not far away, did not know her brother's address until my wife went to see her yesterday. She does not know how much her brother is worth or where his property in Canada is situated. I should think, judging by when I last saw his face and hair clean, that the old man is between sixty and seventy years of age."

MYSTERY SOLVED.

The mysterious disappearance of Mrs. Bessie Davey, of Western-terrace, Hammersmith, has been solved by a tragic discovery.

Her husband missed her from his side in bed a week ago to-day, and failed to find her after a search and inquiries among friends.

On Monday morning he was called home from work, and saw her dead body—attired only in a dressing-gown—in the water cistern.

At the inquest yesterday a verdict of Suicide whilst temporarily insane was returned.

FABRICATED CONFESSIONS.

The stories of Arthur Jackson, who confessed at Newcastle to having murdered a woman at Burnley, and Arthur Ransley, who gave himself up to the police as the murderer of a woman at Seymour-street, St. Pancras, in 1903, were proved yesterday to be without foundation.

Both men have been discharged from custody.

ELOPING MAJOR.

Elderly Man Fascinated by His Daughter's Friend.

STORY OF A WALKING TOUR

How a middle-aged, married cyplop closed with a young girl, hardly out of her teens, was the unromantic but remarkable theme of a story told to Mr. Justice Barnes yesterday.

The petition that produced the story was one for judicial separation on the ground of misconduct, brought by a lady, named Mrs. Elizabeth Catherine Sarah Stillwell, against her husband, Major Edward Stillwell.

Their wedding took place in 1877, and in 1902 they celebrated their silver wedding, having spent twenty-five years of happy married life together. They had four children, just arrived at the grown-up stage.

The Stillwells were living at a place called Thorne House, near Hastings, where they had a considerable staff of servants, kept a brougham, and were regarded by their neighbours as being very well off.

One of Major Stillwell's daughters had invited a girl friend of hers, a Miss Maud Hopley, somewhat younger than herself, to come and stay at Thorne House. The major had seemed very much taken with this Miss Hopley, and paid her considerable attention, so his wife observed.

After Miss Hopley's visit had come to an end the major announced to his wife that he was going to take a walking tour on Dartmoor, and he accordingly left.

Truth About the Tour.

It was true that he had gone to Dartmoor. He took with him thither Miss Hopley, and the walking tour was a kind of illicit honeymoon.

Afterwards he had installed the young lady, under the style of "Mrs. Stillwell," as mistress of establishments at Bedford Court-mansions and Woburn-square. A manservant gave evidence of this.

In the meantime the major had written some strange letters to his wife. When he announced that the Hastings establishment must be broken up, he said that he could not discuss the matter personally with Mrs. Stillwell, because "she got on his nerves."

Mrs. Stillwell made inquiries, and found out all about the Dartmoor walking tour, and subsequent events.

She consulted a solicitor, with the result that Mr. Justice Barnes had granted her a decree of judicial separation.

SUFFERED FOR LOYALTY.

Money-lender Declares That He Was Ruined by Refusing to Fight for the Boers.

How easily a fortune of £30,000 made in business may be lost in speculation was made clear yesterday at Blackburn by a debtor named Jacob Cohen, a money-lender's manager.

He amassed his fortune as a diamond merchant in South Africa, but lost it all in mining shares and through depreciation of property.

He declined to pay the Boers £500 in default of taking up arms against England, and so was compelled, he stated, to leave Johannesburg.

After the war was over he returned to find his hotel wrecked and everything missing.

He was penniless, and had to borrow money to return to England.

IRATE FINANCIERS.

Scene At a Company Meeting Leads to a Slander Action in the Courts.

"I am a director of mining companies and dealer in mining shares," said Mr. Arnold Jacob Marks, of Broad-street House, who yesterday appeared in person to conduct a slander suit before Mr. Justice Bigham and a special jury.

"The defendant, Mr. Samuel," he continued, "is also a director of mining companies."

Then Mr. Marks, with all the skill of a K.C., explained how he and Mr. Samuel had made uncomplimentary remarks about one another at a certain company meeting held in the City in 1902.

Mr. Marks had warned the shareholders present against Mr. Samuel as a financier, and Mr. Samuel, complained Mr. Marks, had retorted by introducing a personal matter.

Mr. Samuel had said that he—Mr. Marks—had once brought a "blackmailing action" against him, Mr. Samuel.

This was not true, said Mr. Marks.

The hearing was adjourned.

"THAT IS MY WIFE!"

Husband, Suddenly Seeing His Wife on the Stage, Dies from Shock.

"That is my wife!"

These words rang suddenly and loudly out from the pit of the Rotunda Theatre, Liverpool, during Tuesday night's performance of the pantomime "Aladdin."

The man who uttered them had sprung to his feet at the entrance upon the stage of an actress known as Miss Wardon, had stood for a few moments dumb, and staring with astonishment, and then, as the words burst from his lips, he fell forward unconscious.

Amid the intense excitement of the audience at this dramatic, unrehearsed effect, the man was carried into the corridor. All that could be done for him, but he died before medical aid could be obtained.

His name was Alfred Williams. He lived at 11, Humbert-street, and his age was thirty-three.

Williams and his wife had been separated for some time, and his sudden emotion at seeing her on the stage affected his head, which was known to be weak.

Mrs. Williams was very much upset by the strange episode, and the sad death of her husband.

APPEAL FOR "KINDNESS."

How an Actor Was Asked To Part from His Erring Wife.

Theatrical people were parties in two of the long list of undefended divorces dealt with by Mr. Justice Barnes yesterday.

One of the petitioners was a Mr. John Morley, a handsome, tall, young actor, with a deep, rich voice.

He told the Court that in 1902 he was obliged to be away at Douglas, in the Isle of Man, and received a letter from his wife, saying that she had gone to Paris for an operation. Several affectionate letters passed between Paris and Douglas.

Finally, husband and wife both returned to London, and met in the Haymarket. At this meeting his wife told Mr. Morley that she was living with a Mr. Trappe. The affectionate correspondence had previously been broken by a note in which Mrs. Morley said: "I am now with a man I care for. Will you get a divorce or not? Show your kindness by getting one." A decree nisi was granted.

The second theatrical petitioner was a wife, Mrs. Florence Louise Bellman. She declared that her husband, Mr. Robert Archibald Bellman, who was acting-manager at a music-hall, had struck her on the ear with a frying-pan and thrown a boot at her.

Counsel: Have you had black eyes?

Mrs. Bellman: Yes, many times. The frying-pan left marks and hurt me very much.

A decree nisi was pronounced.

JOCKEY'S DEATH RIDE.

Thrilling Story of the Accident in the Coliseum Derby Race.

How the young jockey, Fred Grice, rode to his death in the great Derby Race spectacle at the Coliseum was told at the inquest at Westminster yesterday.

All eyes in the vast audience last Friday night were fastened on the thrilling spectacle. The six horses had just burst into view from behind the panorama cloth, and seemed, so clever was the mechanical stage device, to be galloping at race-speed when suddenly the horse ridden by Grice came down.

Mr. Henry Pemberton, the engineer, regulates the revolving platform's speed, which, at the time of the accident, was about fourteen or fifteen miles an hour. The horses were galloping in the opposite direction at a rate estimated at twelve to fifteen miles an hour. He did not think Grice was attempting to race.

All the jockeys were experienced, Grice having been apprenticed to Mr. Morton, a Wantage trainer.

A verdict of Accidental Death was returned.

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Neat and daintily made, with full values of cards and rules of game on back. A boon to Bridge lovers. Over 100 sheets in each. Five for 1s. 9d. post free.

CLUBS SUPPLIED BY THE GROSS.

BRIDGE SCORER.

DIXON and HUNTING (Ltd.),
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KILLING NO MURDER.

Nominal Punishment Inflicted on a Filipino for Crime on the High Seas.

SENTENCE—THREE DAYS.

A verdict of manslaughter, with a strong recommendation to mercy, was returned at the Old Bailey yesterday in the case of the Manila man, Miranda, charged with murder on the high seas.

A nominal sentence of three days' imprisonment was passed by the Judge, who, however, endorsed the jury's decision in not bringing in a verdict of justifiable homicide.

The evidence disclosed a state of affairs such as is sometimes depicted in a disenchanted latter-day story of the sea.

McIntyre, the murdered man, was mate of the British sailing-ship Norwood. He appears to have possessed all the truculence of Captain Kettle, and many of his seamanlike qualities.

He carried his hazing to such an extent that every man of the crew bore marks of his ill-use. One sailor was so distracted by his brutality that he improvised a raft from a step-ladder, and successfully undertook a hazardous twenty-mile voyage to land.

Mild-Spoken Skipper.

The captain was powerless. When complaints were made, he explained in his evidence, he told the mate: "I don't allow anything of that sort on board my ship."

So mildly were the words delivered that they caused a general laugh in court.

At Manila the vessel shipped a number of Filipino hands, whose incompetence seems to have driven the mate to frenzy.

Miranda was singled out for special ill-treatment. He was kicked, beaten over the head with handcuffs, and so manhandled that he still bore the marks as he stood yesterday in the dock.

On the night of October 21, when the vessel was off the Cape of Good Hope, the tragedy occurred. That day Miranda had been struck in the face with a pair of handcuffs, and the mate was attacking him again when he cried out, "I am stabbed."

Miranda hid for three days, and was then arrested.

A few days later the mate died, and was buried at sea.

In summing up the Judge said he felt it impossible to regret what had happened to McIntyre.

WORLD'S FLEETS IN FIGURES.

What It Costs the Nations to Protect Their Commercial Interest.

Instructive and interesting to degree are the figures to be found in a Parliamentary paper issued yesterday, which deals statistically with international naval and shipping matters.

The value of the sea-borne trade of the leading countries in the world during the past year is compared, and the expenditure made to safeguard it:

UNITED KINGDOM.	RUSSIA.
Naval expenditure... £231	Naval expenditure... £212
Revenue £141	Revenue £215
Mercantile marine tonnage 104	Mercantile marine tonnage 1
Shipping clearances (tons) 1094	Shipping clearances (tons) 30
Exports and imports £281	Exports and imports £884

GERMANY.	FRANCE.
Naval expenditure... £101	Naval expenditure... £121
Revenue £91	Revenue £143
Mercantile marine tonnage 24	Mercantile marine tonnage 14
Shipping clearances (tons) 196	Shipping clearances (tons) 264
Exports and imports £202	Exports and imports £381

UNITED STATES.	JAPAN.
Naval expenditure... £105	Naval expenditure... £21
Revenue £144	Revenue £21
Mercantile marine tonnage 776	Mercantile marine tonnage 1
Shipping clearances (tons) 248	Shipping clearances (tons) 134
Exports and imports £259	Exports and imports £203

In a few cases the returns are those for 1902, these being the latest available.

GIRLS' REALM GUILD.

Young members of the Girls' Realm Guild mustered in force at Prince's Hall yesterday to hear the addresses of Mr. Alfred Ashton (the Poet Laureate) and Lady Aberdeen.

So full was the hall that many members, who could not even get up the stairs, dissolved into tears of disappointment at the bottom.

ITEMS OF GENERAL NEWS.

Leicester is to have a new industry, a large factory having been acquired by a firm of carpet manufacturers.

At the conclusion of the meeting of the Royal Agricultural Society yesterday, Lord Middleton announced that the annual show would be held at Park Royal on June 27, 28, 29, and 30.

MAYOR ON A MERRY-GO-ROUND.

Unable to get sufficient individual subscriptions for his unemployed fund, the Mayor of Norwich resorted to novel tactics which certainly justify his democratic reputation.

Having given his patronage to a merry-go-round show, its profits for the day have been handed over to the fund.

PAWKY SCOTS LAW.

Scots law has some pawky peculiarities. At Edinburgh yesterday Lord Ardwell, the new Scottish Judge, was formally installed in office by the Court of Session.

By a quaint legal formality his lordship had to go through the formality of trying a case to prove his fitness for the position. He passed with honours.

ANOTHER RUSSIAN OUTRAGE.

The herring fishermen of Barra, Scotland, have a warm side towards Russia, for business reasons. In the piping times of peace the subjects of the Tsar are the fishermen's best customers. They eat

Prince Arthur of Connaught celebrates his 22nd birthday to-morrow.

Employees of the G.E.R. have been thanked by the directors for their exertions during the recent foggy weather.

The Prince and Princess of Wales will visit the Marquis and Marchioness of Londonderry at Mountstewart, Newtownards, at the end of the present month.

The motor-omnibus has come to stay. The London General Omnibus Company has ordered six from the Wolsey Company, to be ready by the end of March.

WILL HE SURRENDER?

Within the last few days there has been taken to a private asylum in South London a gentleman who labours under the delusion that he is General Stoessel, the heroic defender of Port Arthur.

It is feared that the poor gentleman's troubles are not yet over, for, strangely enough, in the same institution there are already two Marshals Oyama and three Mikados.

HISTORIC CHURCH OAK SOLD.

After escaping the great fire of London, the fine old oak-paneling in Holy Trinity Church, Minories, has been purchased by Mr. S. Dockrell, of Putney.

Dating from 1108, Holy Trinity has many his-

TO-DAY'S ELECTION.



Mr. Harry Lawson, son of Lord Burnham, the Unionist candidate at to-day's election at Mile End.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

Descriptions of the Principal Photographs in To-day's "Daily Mirror."

ALL ABOUT THE PICTURES.

£10,000, DEAD OR ALIVE.

Dr. Sun Yat Sen, the famous Chinese revolutionist, has just arrived in London again. He was forcibly detained at the Chinese Embassy in London eight years ago, and only with the greatest difficulty obtained his release owing to the efforts of Dr. Canfield, who drew the attention of the British authorities to the gross abuse of Ambassadorial privileges involved.

Since then he has been in China organising revolt, the Weichow rising being one result of his efforts, and an abortive attempt at revolution in Canton another. Though the Chinese Government have put a price of £10,000 on his head, he always evaded those who were seeking to take him, dead or alive, and remained in China actively engaged in revolutionary propaganda until last year. When Dr. Sun Yat Sen passed through the United States on his way to this country the Chinese Minister at Washington issued a proclamation to the Chinese in that country prohibiting them from having any dealings with him under the barbarous penalty of having their families and relatives in China arrested and beheaded, and their property confiscated.

He intends to return to China shortly to prosecute his work, and notwithstanding the huge reward offered for his apprehension is confident that he will be able to outwit his would-be captors. His portrait will be found on page 1.

THE WRECK OF THE RAZTOROPHY.

The escape of the Raztorophy from Port Arthur was one of the most thrilling incidents of the dramatic siege of the great Far Eastern fortress. Carrying important dispatches to be forwarded to St. Petersburg via Chiffi, she steamed out of the blockaded harbour at midnight in the midst of a blinding snowstorm.

Though her engines were set at full speed the heavy seas, which constantly swept her decks, prevented her making more than ten knots an hour; but none the less, aided by the whirling snow and intense darkness, the Raztorophy succeeded in getting through the lines of the Japanese fleet, and reached Chiffi after a daring six and a half hours' race through the night and storm.

The same evening Captain Plen, who was in command, blew up the destroyer to prevent her capture by the foes of Russia. Officers and men were drawn up at attention on the beach to salute the gallant little vessel as she blew up and sank to the bottom. Her funnels still show above the water, as shown in our photograph on page 9.

PALMISTS AND POSTERS.

When "Keiro" and his companions were convicted of fortune-telling and of obtaining money by false pretences last October, the Judge, in passing what he described as "the very merciful sentence" of binding them to come up for judgment if called upon, added: "For the future let us hope that we shall not see the traffic impeded by long lines of sandwichmen announcing palmists and crystal-gazing and so on."

To what extent his hope has been fulfilled may be gathered from the picture on page 9, which shows one of the many perambulating advertisements of the sort which may be seen any day in the West End.

CUT OFF BY THE FLOODS.

That it is still possible, even in these days of easy communication and quick travel, for a town or district to be entirely isolated from the rest of the world may be gathered from our photographs on page 8, which show the floods around Brightlingsea.

It sounds almost incredible that it has not been possible for a train to reach the town since the latter days of last year; but such is the case notwithstanding the efforts made by the railway company to repair the damaged railroad. In view of the fact that it has been in many places completely washed away by the invading waters, there is a certain humour in the official description of the repairing operations we illustrate as a restoration of the "permanent" way. Evidently it is only permanent weather permitting.

At present the only way to reach the town is to go to a station some three or four miles away, from whence it is possible for a high-wheeled cart to convey the passenger to his destination dry-shod. By any other route it is a matter of going by boat, an undertaking of difficulty by reason of the imminent peril of shipwreck owing to submerged fences, hedges, and such like.

A WOMAN WAR DOCTOR.

On page 9 we give a portrait of Dr. Anita Newcomb McGee, who has just returned from Japan, where for the past ten months she has been doing sterling work among the wounded in the war hospitals. She comes from Philadelphia, and is the president of the Association of Spanish-American War Nurses.

In recognition of the valuable services rendered by the lady doctor and the band of Red Cross nurses under her command, the Mikado accorded her the rare honour of a personal audience. It is the first time that any woman has received such honour in Japan, where the gentler sex is not in general considered to be of much account.

SCOTTISH HERRINGS AS A HORS D'OEUVRE.

and pay handsomely for the delicacies.

Since the fighting commenced the revenue of Barra has been reduced fifty per cent. "Stop the war," say the fishermen.

BEACH A HIGHWAY.

Owing to the undesirable hawkers who frequent the beach, Clacton Urban District Council resolved yesterday to promote in Parliament a Bill declaring the beach to be a public highway.

By this means the council, to whom the beach belongs, can instruct the police summarily to remove all objectionable persons.

EDINBURGH CITY HONOURS.

At a meeting of the Lord Provost's Committee of Edinburgh Town Council yesterday, recommendations were made that the freedom of the city should be granted to the Duke of Connaught, Lord Reay, and Mr. Balfour.

Lord Reay, it will be remembered, was chairman of the Institute of International Law, which met last summer in Edinburgh.

BURNS'S BIRTHDAY RELICS.

Mr. Johnstone, of Watchhill, Annan, is the present possessor of an antique cup and saucer which were used on the night of Burns's birth.

Bequeathed to her by an old woman, who received them from Burns's mother, the articles, which are of a pale blue colour and ornamented with figures, are in a good state of preservation and at least 185 years old.

topical associations, and during its restoration in the eighteenth century the head of the Duke of Suffolk was found there in a bucket of sawdust.

LONG SERVICE FOR R.G.A.

In a special Army Order it is announced that all enlisted men, except of artificers and boys, in the Royal Garrison Artillery will in future be for a period of nine years with the colours and three years in the reserve.

Artificers will serve three years with the colours and nine years in the reserve, while boys will serve twelve years, as at present.

"SQUEEGEE" DEFINED.

When a member of the Cardith Health Committee alluded to a "squegee" several mystified committee-men demanded an explanation.

On a learned alderman explaining that it was a "hydrostatic peregrinator" the members simuated understanding and dropped the subject.

On board ship a "squegee" is a solid india-rubber brush for sweeping water off the decks.

SUDDEN DEATH OF A DETECTIVE.

Early yesterday morning Detective-sergeant Orsman, of the City Police, was preparing to leave his residence to go on duty when he suddenly fell to the ground and almost immediately died of heart failure.

Orsman, who had given no previous signs of illness, had seen some fifteen years' service in the force, and was a general favourite with his colleagues.

NOTICE TO READERS.

The Editorial, Advertising, and General Business Offices of the *Daily Mirror* are:-
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Daily Mirror

THURSDAY, JANUARY 12, 1905.

THE "DAILY MIRROR"
BUYS A SLAVE.

Slaves cannot breathe in England; if their lungs receive our air, that moment they are free.

SO wrote the poet Cowper, and his lines summed up the feeling which Englishmen had about slavery in the days when the agitation for its abolition was going on.

Even now the very talk of slavery arouses indignation. The outcry against Chinese Labourers in the Rand Mines was doubled as soon as it became known that they were not to be treated as free men. Yet what humbug it is for us to talk about slavery as we do! How many of us have thought out for ourselves the question whether it would not be better for thousands of people in Britain to-day to be slaves rather than free men?

What is the "freedom" of the man who depends upon his labour and cannot find employment? He is "free" to tramp about all day looking for work; "free" to see others warm and well-fed while he shivers and gnaws a crust; "free" to grow weaker and weaker as cold and hunger tell upon his frame; "free" to sink down beaten, "free" to starve slowly, "free" to die.

Slaves, at any rate, are looked after; fed, and clothed sufficiently; given a roof over their heads. In the old slavery days it was a rare to find a man who neglected or ill-treated his human possessions as it is nowadays to come across cruel or careless owners of horses and cattle.

Britons regard slavery with horror, but at the same time many of them treat their free workpeople far worse than they would treat slaves. If a slave dies it is a loss to his owner. If a "free" worker dies there are dozens of others eager for his job. His death makes no difference to an employer at all.

Further, we are all of us in a measure responsible for the social system which dooms thousands of wretched people to conditions of life harder than those of any slaves the world has ever known. It is to emphasise the shame and the pitifulness of these conditions that the *Daily Mirror* has taken the step we announce this morning.

A man in the depths of despair, starving, shoeless, shattered by the misery he had gone through, wrote to us for help. At the end of his letter was a sentence which arrested our attention. Even slavery, he said, would be infinitely preferable to such a life as his. Probably he has no clear notion of what slavery means. But his words suggested a method of driving home into the public mind the wretchedness and hopelessness in which so many of the unemployed are sunk.

We have bought this man in order to show to what depths it is possible to sink in this "free" country of ours, where the name of slavery is abhorred, but where enormous numbers of "free" men and women fall into a state compared to which slavery would be a pleasant and easy condition of life.

A POINTLESS PROTEST.

A correspondent of the "Times" protests warmly against the use of the word "chauffeur" applied to motor-car drivers. He calls it a hideous title, and says the English language is debased by it.

The only alternative he proposes, however, is "driver." That is open to the objection that it is a loose, vague term. Engines have drivers; so have cabs and omnibuses and all other horse-drawn vehicles. "Motor-driver" is clumsy.

When we have a new thing it is just as well to give it a new name, even if we have to borrow from foreign tongue. "Chauffeur" is handy, and everyone knows what it means. Unless some equally good English word can be found, this will continue in use, and, for our part, we cannot see any reason why it should not.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

"The East has not yet exhausted its lessons for us, and Europe may still sit at the feet of her elder sister."—Lord Curzon, who yesterday celebrated

NOTHING interests the modern gossips more than speculation as to the marriages of eligible young royalties. Very eligible at the present moment is the young Duke of Braganza, Crown Prince of Portugal, and very persistent is the rumour that he is to marry the Princess Patricia of Connaught. The young Duke (he is now about seventeen) is a Roman Catholic, however, and that might put difficulties in the way. Still, the exact form of the bride's religion is a matter of no very vital importance amongst royalties. Did not the Protestant daughter of our Princess Alice become a member of the Greek Church when she married the Tsar of Russia?

In any case the future bride of the Crown Prince (whoever she is) is a lucky girl, for he is a most intelligent and attractive young man. He was born in Lisbon, and has only very seldom left his native land. His mother, Queen Amelie, visits England, however, and she was born over there at Rockingham. While she is away the Princess is very carefully looked after. This princess was an old French lady, who had taken care of the princesses of the House of Orleans when they were children. Now he has given up gresses and taken to riding, shooting, and the delights of manhood. He has no fewer than fifteen baptismal names! *

The Duke of Atholl, who is one of our great nobles with Plantagenet blood in their veins, as the

Marquis of Ruvigny will show in his forthcoming book on the subject, is not one of the Dukes known to London "smart" society. He comes very seldom to London, preferring his native Perthshire heath and magnificient Blair Castle or winter home not far from it, at Dunkeld. The Duke is extremely popular with the peasantry up there, and is able to speak to them in the best Gaelic. He is delightfully fond in his habits, and actually used to keep an armed bodyguard, legalised by the late Queen, and composed exclusively of Highland giants! *

Up in the north where progress (fortunately for the northerners) works with less devastating vigour than in the south, the Duke is looked upon almost as a king. He is hedged round with ceremony. On one occasion it is said that the Presbytery of Dunkeld desired to consult a charter in his possession. How was the Presbytery to "approach" him? The question was debated for hours. Finally it was decided that a deputation should wait upon the Duke "in a quiet, easy, gentlemanly way, which the Duke would certainly appreciate." Picture the deputation sidling in to the great man, in a collectively elegant manner!

Fortunate are they who can succeed in two professions, and fortunate therefore is Mr. H. V. Esmond, dramatist and actor, who has just had a play produced successfully in New York. In spite of his double success Mr. Esmond is relatively unspoiled, still youthful in appearance and manner, and not over-confident about his powers. He is, in fact, very nervous on first nights, and a story to prove it is told of his appearance as Touchstone, the jester, in "As You Like It," at the St. James's theatre.

He was standing in the wings, waiting to go on. Suddenly the stage-manager was startled by the sound of bells jingling. What could it be? It was Mr. Esmond, who was trembling so that his jester's suit rang loudly enough to be heard on the stage. But the part was nevertheless very well played. Mrs. Esmond, known to all playgoers as Miss Eva Moore, is less nervous than her husband on first nights. They hear each other's parts, and Mr. Esmond writes his plays in their quiet house near Sloane-square, a house which once belonged to Mme. Vestris, the celebrated actress of Lyceum fame.

Miss Eva Moore was a governess before she thought of going on the stage. She hated teaching, finding it unremunerative and uninteresting. When she decided to take to acting it was Mr. Toole who gave her her first chance. He was very kind to her, and she remembers still the delicate way in which he restored a week's salary to her which had been stolen by a dresser. The dresser was arrested for another theft, and Miss Moore soon afterwards received a repentant letter, enclosing the amount of the salary and supposed to come from the thief. In reality it came from Mr. Toole, who had heard of her loss, and determined to make it good.

Dingley Hall, Northamptonshire, where the daughter of Lord and Lady Downe was married yesterday, is a beautiful Elizabethan house, with one of the placid-looking, sleepy gardens found only in England. Lady Downe, who does not give much time to society, is an expert gardener, and nothing pleases her better than to receive a present of rare flower seed from her friends. Lord and Lady Roberts frequently stay with her, for Lord Downe was the Field-Marshal's aide-de-camp, and Lady Roberts sent Lady Downe some curious plants from South Africa—amongst them lilies from her own son's grave.

Lady Downe has held many official positions. She was once Lady-in-Waiting to the Duchess of Connaught, and also Queen Victoria's Lady of the Bedchamber. She went with her husband to India, and spent some years there in exile from her flowers and music. There, by the way, she discovered a very remarkable Hindoo servant, and brought him home to act as footman, which he does very decoratively, in native dress and wearing a splendid turban.

Almost every day a new view of the famous Mme. Systenov is thrust upon one. It is impossible to know what she really is, for she has been represented as everything, from an affectionate wife to a heartless schemer. The secret of her success is supposed to be M. Systenov's sister, Mme. Baray. This lady offi ciates at Mme. Systenov's mind, ambition, social success, and pleasure were stronger than any other motives. Her poor husband cared for nothing but quiet, literary work. Out of his peace she rooted him, and pushed him into politics. She never really cared for him.

IN MY GARDEN THIS MORNING.

JANUARY 12.—Trees are being pruned now. This is a necessary operation in many ways, but it should always be done with great care.

The barbarous practice, so common in suburban gardens, of cutting down the branches every year to an unsightly stump, cannot be too severely condemned. It would be much better not to grow trees at all if they are to be mutilated annually.

One reason why trees are chopped about so is that, in the first instance, they have been planted too closely together. If they were only allowed plenty of room to develop we should then be able to admire unspoiled examples of Nature's most noble work.

ROYAL BLOOD IN EVERY RANK OF LIFE.



Commenting on a book now in preparation upon living descendants of the Plantagenet Kings, the "Daily Mail" says that many people with royal blood in their veins "dwell, unhonoured and unknown, in obscure hamlets and city slums." Our artist warns the compiler of the work to prepare for callers like these.

A MAN OF THE MOMENT.

Sergius de Witte.

HE has made a good deal of history already, and it looks as though he were to have the chance of making some more, for he is almost certain to be the new Russian Home Minister. He started life with every handicap. He has not as much Russian as Dutch blood in his veins, and his first position was as an underpaid clerk at a railway station.

But he was not a Clerk long. His brains soon told, and he became head of his railway—and then of all the railways. Next he was made minister of Finance, and saved Russia from bankruptcy—setting her on her feet again by the money he borrowed from France, founded the Manchurian policy, and completed the Siberian railway.

He then fell into disgrace, and the Tsar promoted him to a post where he was out of the way.

Now they are in trouble they want him back—not because they like him, but because they trust him.

The Tsar especially is not fond of him. He is not a courtier. He works sixteen hours a day, and has not had time to acquire much polish, or even get rid of his railway clerk's manners. Nor is he a lovable man by nature. He is cold and hard, and places ambition before everything. When it was discovered that his wife, a beautiful woman, to whose cleverness he owed much of his rapid rise, was speculating on "Chancery" with official information furnished by him, he took no account of love. She was divorced and exiled.

To look at he is not a possessing, in spite of his commanding build. He stands well over six feet high, and is big and burly in proportion. His forehead is high and broad, and his brown hair, bushed straight back without a parting, helps to increase its apparent size. His eyes are also brown, so is his typical Russian beard. It is the smallness of the eyes and the heaviness of the lips which mark the man.

His two weaknesses are cigarettes and tea. He smokes half a dozen a day, and drinks tea at every opportunity.

THE WORLD'S HUMOUR.

Wit from Two Hemispheres.

"But why are you so sorrowful, Otto?"
“Only think, my first patient has scarcely got well behind my back.”—Figaro” (French).

“Doctor,” said a friend, anxiously, “have you heard that horrible story about Williamson?”
“No,” said the doctor. “What story is that?”
“A story to the effect that he was buried alive.”
“Buried alive!” said the doctor. “Impossible. He was one of my patients.”—Collier’s Weekly.

Small Boy: Mama, didn’t you say Sissie was always to have the bigger half of anything you gave us?

Mama: Yes, dear boy. Why?

Small Boy: I expect you’ll be giving us something soon, Mama, when you find the vase we’ve just broken.—“Fliegende Blätter” (German).

Little Stanley had spent his first day at school. “What did you learn?” was the mother’s first question.—“Didn’t learn anything.”

“Well, what did you do?”—“Didn’t do anything. But the e was a woman there who wanted to know how to spell ‘cat,’ so I told her.”—“Liverpool Post.”

“I would like,” she said, marching up to the counter with a swing that was calculated to attract attention and inspire awe, “to see the manager of this department.”

The clerk, noting that she was beautiful, smiled at her, and sweetly replied:—

“I don’t see him anywhere around just now. Won’t I do?”

She looked him up and down a few times, and then replied:—

“No; I don’t think you will. I’m his wife, and—”

But the clerk had gone to hunt for him.—“N. Y. Press.”



PICTORIAL NEWS



BRIGHTLINGSEA CUT OFF BY FLOODS.



Since the beginning of this year Brightlingsea has not seen a train. The great floods not only washed away the sea-wall by the railroad, but undermined the permanent way, so that the town has been completely cut off from the outside world by rail. The above photograph taken yesterday shows a train arriving on the scene of the subsided track with a breakdown gang.—(Copyright: Daily Mirror.)



This picture shows the men at work filling up the yawning gaps and repairing the twisted metals on the flooded railway near Brightlingsea.—(Copyright: Daily Mirror.)

BRIGHTON PROMENADE AS A MOTOR TRACK.



The promenade at Brighton, taken near the band-stand, Madeira-road, looking west towards the Aquarium. It is proposed to convert this fine stretch of roadway for use as a motor-track.

ROYAL CHILDREN IN THEIR NURSERY CAR



The latest photograph of the children of the Princess of Wales and Duchess of Fife. Prince Edward of Wales is standing by the pony's head, and his little brothers, the Princes Albert and Henry, are seen on the extreme right. The two children of the Duchess of Fife are on the left of the group.—(Copyright of Redmond Barrett. Published by Bassano.)

TSAREVITCH'S NURSE.



A unique photograph of the Tsarevitch's wet nurse with her own little baby. The infant's little brother is the foster-brother of the heir to the Tsar of All the Russias.

A-DAY'S-DOINGS-PICTURED.

TO-DAY'S WEDDING.



Miss Dorothy Casberd-Boteler (daughter of Commander Casberd-Boteler, R.N.) and Mr. J. A. E. Drury-Lowe (Scots Guards) (son of Mr. and Lady Lucy Drury-Lowe), who are to be married at St. Peter's Church, Eaton-square, to-day.—(Photographs by Lafayette and Gabell.)

THE "DAILY MIRROR" SLAVE.



15th HUSSARS' NEW CHIEF.



Lieutenant-General Sir George Luck, K.C.B., who has just been appointed Honorary Colonel of the 15th Hussars Regiment.—(Photograph by C. Vandyk.)

A WOMAN WAR DOCTOR.



Dr. Anita McGee, who has just returned from the Far East, where she headed the American war nurses in Japan, and was received by the Mikado.

Frederick Lucas, a destitute West Ham man, who, in despair of ever being able to find employment, offered himself to the *Daily Mirror* as a slave, and has been bought by us for £2. Full particulars appear elsewhere.—(Copyright: *Daily Mirror*.)

PALMISTS AT PRACTICE AGAIN.



The recent convictions of "Keiro" and his associates for fortunetelling do not seem to have put a stop to the business of the wizards of the West End, as is seen by the above photograph. It shows one of a band of sandwich men who are now parading the streets with posters advertising palmists and clairvoyants.

THE RAZTOROPNY SUNK IN CHIFU HARBOUR.



This warship succeeded in running the blockade from Port Arthur with dispatches from General Stoessel, and after reaching Chifu was destroyed by her captain to prevent her being captured by the Japanese.

BEGIN OUR NEW SERIAL TO-DAY.

A MAN IN A MILLION.

By CORALIE STANTON and HEATH HOSKEN,

Authors of

"Chance, the Juggler," "A Widow by Choice," and "Scarlet Lies."

"It is not so hard to sow as to reap."—GOETHE.

SYNOPSIS OF OPENING CHAPTERS.

"How it rains! Oh, how it rains!"

The woman paced up and down two or three times between the table and the window with swift, restless steps, holding in one hand the mass of somewhat faded finery that she was engaged in fashioning into a new shape—somewhere about the sixth renovation of the dress.

Vanna Tempest could not live without luxury, gaiety, and the finery which had been hers before the smash came which drove her husband, Dick Tempest, to live in a country cottage on the remnants of their fortune. Dick Tempest had speculated and had failed, but he was resigned; the woman clung in the thralls, and her nature was spoiling. Even their daughter, Joan, a girl of fifteen, was shocked at her mother's outbursts of temper and miserable discontent.

In despair of the change in his beautiful wife, Dick Tempest, the kindest and best of souls, resolved to risk the remnant of his fortune in one more speculation under the guidance of his friend, Anthony Heron. Luck was with him this time. In a few days he netted the sum of £800. With characteristic generosity he put the cheque into Vanna's hands, saying, "Go to London and have a good time."

Her heart leapt at the prospect; but she was disappointed to find that he preferred to stay behind and work on, content that she should have temporary relief from the everlasting strain of their narrowed circumstances.

"You will look up your women friends, and I shall write to Heron and ask him to look after you," he said. "Tony Heron is just the man to give you a real good time. You have never met him; but I know you'll like him, and I shall be quite certain you're enjoying yourself if I ask him to look after you."

"Oh, Dick, how good you are!" she cried, kissing him rapturously.

"I'm so glad, darling," he muttered hoarsely. "I'm so glad I've been able to do this for you."

It may seem strange that Richard Tempest should have chosen Anthony Heron, a man she had never met, and whom he knew far from intimately, to render Vanna those little courtesies that, to a woman, mean "having a good time"; but, as it happens, it was not strange at all, because it was fate.

CHAPTER IV.

Alas! Love's could thou and I with Fate conspire
To grasp this sorry Scheme of Things entire,
Would not we shatter it to bits—and then—

Renould it nearer to the Heart's Desire!

—Edward Fitzgerald.

Six weeks later, while the June sunshine was reddening in the west, Vanna Tempest sat in a private sitting room at the Savoy Hotel.

She wore one of the gowns that she had bought during those first delightful days of feverish shopping, when she came to London, with the proceeds of her husband's "little flutter" safely lodged in the bank in her name, and with strict injunctions from her good, faithful Dick to spare no expense and have a real good time.

It was a lovely gown, a hopelessly extravagant gown, all white and fluffy and perishable, and already a little soiled about the hem. Her neck and shoulders rose above the lace, fair and rounded as a girl's; her face sparkled with animation; all the ugly, disfiguring little lines were gone; her splendid eyes were soft and lustrous as if they had seen beautiful things and held a reflection of them; her curved red lips were parted in a little happy smile, as she sat in a deep chair, with a note in her hands, and on the table beside her a huge bunch of La France roses.

She looked ten years younger than the woman who sat furiously up her faded finery in the cottage at Boddington on that wild and rainy night when Dick Tempest had realised with an agonised pang of horror what poverty was doing for his beloved wife. She was more than beautiful tonight, and she had the air of a conqueror.

She had just laid the note down beside the roses when there was a knock at the door, and a servant announced Mr. Heron.

A tall man came in. He advanced towards her with a swift, eager stride. Vanna held out both her hands, rising quickly, and the white lids dropped suddenly over her eyes.

Anthony Heron had a fine, strong face, with a singularly open and boyish expression that made it very good to look upon. He had dark eyes, and dark, crisp hair, and he was clean-shaven. He held himself well and wore his clothes well, and there was an air of quiet strength and self-reliance about his whole bearing that was very attractive, especially to women. He was one of the best-known of the financiers of the younger generation, and he was enormously rich. Almost every woman he met fell in love with him for a time; but he was so charming, even in his utter indifference, that most of them kept a very warm place for him in their hearts long after their hopeless passion had died of sheer starvation.

He held Vanna's hands just a shade longer than convention demanded, and he gazed at her with open admiration.

"Mrs. Tempest," he said, "I do believe I've a few moments late. Will you forgive me? I had so much to do, and we lingered so long over lunch, didn't we? Shall we dine here, or at the Carlton?" He had a magnetic voice, strong and musical, the voice of a man who is quite sure of himself.

"Oh, here," said Vanna. "And let's hurry. I'm so looking forward to Melba and Caruso. I don't want to miss a note."

They went out of the room and down in the lift to the great restaurant, with its rich, subdued glow of comfort and well-being. The maître d'hôtel found Heron a small table in a corner, not too near the band, from which they could see the whole room. Heron bowed to nearly everybody, and everybody stared at Vanna.

"It is your night, Mrs. Tempest," said Heron in a low voice, as she sat down, surveying the room with shining, complacent eyes. "I have never seen a woman look so beautiful."

"Tony," she said almost harshly, "I am going home to-morrow." She had fallen into the habit of calling him Tony, although he never addressed her by her Christian name.

He started at the announcement.

"Not really," he exclaimed. "Not while town is so jolly and the best of everything is to come. Oh, Mrs. Tempest, it would be a shame!"

"But I must."

"It seems as if you had only just come," he said. "Must you really go back? Has your husband sent for you?"

Vanna shook her head.

"Tony, shall I tell you the truth?" she asked, with a little laugh. "You know we are very poor. All these pretty frocks that I have been wearing, and my rooms here and the victoria, and all that—they are well, just a burst! Do you see? Dick, my husband—made a little money—at least, it would seem a little to you, but it was a fortune to us—and he insisted that I should come to town and have a good time, because I was getting moped down in the country. I hate the country, you know; but Dick loves it."

"I see," said Heron thoughtfully. His eyes were fixed on her beautiful, sparkling, captivating face with a strange, intent, almost ravenous expression. "And has the money given out?"

She nodded and said, with a little grimace: "Very nearly. It would last out another week; but I feel that week would be too awful—counting every day, every hour, every minute. So I'm going back to-morrow; I've wired Dick already. I know he'll be glad to have me back, and I'm taking him some presents, and I shall have such a lot to tell him—particularly how good you've been to me. And now I expect you think me an awful fool for telling you this."

"I don't," said Heron gravely. "Indeed, I don't."

"Are you sorry I'm going, Tony?" she asked.

The sound of his voice, as she spoke it, stirred her blood in the man's veins in a subtle, agreeable way. She had begun to call him "Tony" in a kind of nickname; now it sounded like a caress.

"I can't believe it," he answered in his quiet, masterful voice. "Let's forget it 'o' to-night."

After that they talked spasmodically, while they ate the light dinner Heron had ordered, because Vanna did not want to miss the beginning of the Opera. Over the coffee a long silence fell between them. For a time Vanna watched the blue spirals of smoke curl up from his cigarette; then she said abruptly:

"How quiet you are, Tony. What are you thinking about?"

"You," he answered quietly and deliberately; and he repeated the monosyllable, lingering over it: "You—you."

A deep flush spread from her neck right up to her roots of her hair; she судя only put her hands to her throat, as if something hurt her there. Then she rose from the table.

"I'm sure we shall be late," she said. "I'll go and get my cloak."

They met in the foyer, and, outside, he helped her silently into a cab, nor did they speak at

all during the short drive to the opera house. Vanna sat almost huddled up in her corner; she looked steadily out of the glass at the side of the cab; every now and then a sigh escaped her.

Anthony Heron's box was on the grand tier. Vanna had sat in it on many a night during these six weeks; sometimes alone with him, sometimes with others of his friends or hers, men and women she had known in her prosperous days. Always she had sat well in front, glad to be seen, smiling, animated, a beautiful woman in the fulness of her beauty, radiating happiness and an almost fierce joy in life.

To-night she drew back her chair, as the curtain went up, and sat so that she was hidden from view by the hangings of the box.

She was no longer the same woman to-night; she realised that something had happened to her. She had been living in a dream, and suddenly she had been roughly awakened. She did not see the gaudy house, with its fashionable audience, the lovely women, the glittering jewels; she did not see the stage; it was all blurred and misty. The voice of McBa might have been some lovely bird singing in a far-off forest. Vanna was conscious only of herself, and of the man beside her. He was leaning his arm on the edge of the box; his fine, strong, dark face was half-averted. She looked at him; always her eyes were drawn against her will to his face, and every time she looked a sharp pain stung her, and sometimes scalding tears rose in her eyes, tears that burned her eyelids and did not overflow.

Once during the first act he leaned towards her, with his lips quite close to her ear. "You are not really going to-morrow?" he whispered.

She bowed her head. "I must. Indeed, I must. I have had such a good time."

And during the rest of the opera she asked herself questions—terrible searching questions—that laid her own soul bare before her own eyes and left her shivering with shame.

She had had such a good time these six weeks that she had spent at London, nursing herself in the lap of luxury out of the money that Dick had so generously given her. And in what had that good time consisted? In being with Anthony Heron. That was the truth. She realised it now, to-night, on the eve of her departure.

She had written frequently to her husband by his cheery, cheerful, deliberate, and in each letter she had said:—"Mr. Heron is being so good to me. I owe most of the splendid time I am having to him." And Dick had answered, also in every letter:—"Do tell Heron how grateful I am to him. I knew he'd give you a good time. I'm glad I thought of him."

"I owe most of the splendid time I am having to him."

To-night she understood the terrible truth of it. She went over everything that had happened while she sat in the box behind the curtains, with her eyes drawn magnetically to the face of the man beside her, and the great artists on the stage seemed their lovely voices into her deaf ears.

She remembered the first time Anthony Heron had called on her, when she was installed at the Savoy. She remembered how ashamed she had been because none of her new frocks had come home, but he had been so nice, and so friendly and anxious to give her a good time, as her husband had asked him to do. She did not remember thinking particularly good-looking; now, as her eyes stole sideways, there was no other face like his in the whole world.

He had asked her to lunch with him, and he had placed his box at the Opera at her disposal, and he had introduced her to some of his friends—in particular to Lady Betty Somerville, who, he said, was his best friend, a charming, ultra-smart woman of the world, no longer very young. Lady Betty had been very kind and seemed quite anxious to take her up, and Vanna had seen a good deal of her and her agreeable, frivolous, pleasure-loving set for the first fortnight of her stay.

Then, she did not quite know how it happened, but she found herself seeing less of Lady Betty, and less of her other friends, and more and more of Anthony Heron. She was always sending wires cancelling some arrangement, some reception, or matinée, or drive to Hurlingham, and always because Anthony Heron had asked her to do this or that. For a business man of multifarious interests, he found a great deal of time to place at her disposal. He lunched with her and dined with her, and took her to the theatre or Opera every night; and, of an afternoon, he would come and spin her out into the country in his motor-car and bring her back in the red glory of the sunset; and once or twice they had spent long days on the river, dreamy, silent days, that made her catch her breath now as she thought of them, because they had been so dangerous, although she had not known it at the time.

And this had been her good time, now she came to sum it up. Not what she had meant it to be when she came, not merely the round of gaieties and good living and the homage of men to her beauty; for she had not noticed what she ate or drank, or what the plays she saw were about, or what the singers sang, or even what the lovely

green country looked like, or how peacefully the river glided by the wooded banks, or how gloriously the sun shone; and certainly she did not know whether any man had looked at her—say one.

She had just drifted and dreamed, knowing that she was content, and not asking why. And to-night she asked why, and the answer came, sharp, uncompromising, illuminating, and terrible.

Because she had been with Anthony Heron, because she had heard his voice and seen his face and felt his presence. With a pang of horror she realised that for the past fortnight they had hardly been separated and to-morrow she was going back, back to her home that she hated, and she would probably never see Tony Heron again.

And all this time Dick had been at home, writing, and tending the garden, missing her terribly, but so glad that she was having a good time.

She saw it all to-night. She looked straight in the face, for she was no coward. The irony of it ate deep into her soul. God, what had this holiday brought her, this "good time," the thought of which had enwrapped her six weeks ago? What but an awful awakening, what but an intolerable ache, what but a knowledge that would make her life more bitter, more impossible, more hellish than it had ever been before?

She could have screamed aloud. Every note of the music beat on her disordered nerves like a sledge-hammer.

Anthony Heron seemed instinctively to feel her distress. The last act had hardly begun, but he turned to her, and asked in a low voice: "Would you like to go?"

She nodded. "It is stifling," she muttered. "Do you mind?"

"It might have really thought she felt the heat, for she looked ghastly.

"Would you like some supper?" he asked, as they went down the stairs.

She shook her head.

"No, thank you." And then she added, with a pitiful little drag in her voice, "I—I am so tired."

In silence they drove back to the hotel. He had never gone up to her sitting-room before, when he brought her back from the theatre; but he followed her into the lift.

She opened the door and felt for the electric light switch. Her hand trembled violently; out of the dark room was wafted to her the heavy scent of roses in the night.

When the room was lighted and he had shut the door behind them he put his hat down on a chair, and took her cloak from her shoulders.

She sank wearily into a chair, but rose again immediately to her feet. A soft languor had spread itself over her beauty and made her look very young.

Tony Heron stood in the middle of the room.

"You are really going to-morrow?" he asked.

"This is good-bye?"

"I must. I must." She moved a little nearer to him.

"What a pleasant time it has been," he said.

"Pleasant?" She gave a broken little laugh.

"Beautiful," said the man.

She came quite close. She was trying hard to be brave; she fixed her thoughts steadily on Dick—good, dear, faithful Dick.

"I can't thank you enough, Tony," she said. She thought she made her voice quite firm, and her eyes were fixed on the carpet. "You have given me such a splendid time; you have been so awfully good to me. My little holiday would have been quite different—without you." She laughed again nervously, and her eyes roamed about the room, which was a veritable bower of roses, all sent by him.

"It has been a great privilege to me to be able to do anything to make your stay pleasant," he said conventionally.

She bit her lips.

"Good-bye, Tony!" She held out both her hands; it was a little trick of hers, meaningless, as a rule.

The man took them both. He looked down at her from his great height; he saw her face, pale, flower-like, beautiful, with all the completeness of womanhood.

His own face was very grave; his voice trembled.

"Good-bye!" she said. "Vanna!"

She shrieked; she felt an awful oppression, as if she were being suffocated.

"Good-bye." She did not say the word, although her lips moved.

Then the man quietly bent his head and kissed her.

The touch of his lips went through her like a flame. The woman in her could not be deceived. Everything dropped from her then; everything disappeared. Her husband and Joan existed no more; the fifteen years of her married life slipped away into oblivion. She was not wife, not mother. She was a woman, and on her lips were the lips of the man she loved, the man who was meant to be master of her fate.

When he took his lips away, the agonised cry of her heart rang out:

"I'm going away! Oh, Tony, I am going away!"

She did not know that it was because she was going away that Tony Heron had kissed her.

(To be continued.)

PROVIDING HUSBANDS TO ORDER.

Mr. Whiteley, the "Universal Provider," Has Often Acted as a Matrimonial Agent.

MORE WIVES WANTED.

Would-be Brides for "Mr. X" Still Sending in Their Names.

The difficulties experienced by our correspondent "Mr. X" in finding a helpmeet not having yet been surmounted, it occurred to the *Daily Mirror* that Mr. William Whiteley, the Universal Provider, was the one man in London to whom to go for advice. He is willing to supply an elephant or a pin. Why not a bridegroom or a bride?

Mr. Whiteley, whose face is usually wreathed with smiles, and whose whole demeanour is one of extreme amiability and affability, affected an air of great reserve when the question was put to him: "What would you do, Mr. Whiteley, if a gentleman made a bona-fide application to you to obtain a wife for him?"

"It's a very delicate matter—a very delicate matter," said the genial U.P., "and it would be quite impossible for me to disclose my modus operandi in such a case."

"I can quite understand the difficulties which some men experience in getting suited matrimonially. It's not men only, either. Many ladies, young, pretty, wealthy, who have failed to find the sort of man they desire, have appealed to me for help."

NOT A BUSINESS MATTER.

"How I ever arranged any such marriages? Yes, plenty of them. But, mark you," said Mr. Whiteley, "never for money. I have never made a penny out of such affairs. It is a matter of personal interest and of business with me. It is indispensable that I should have a personal knowledge of the parties; I must know whom I am introducing to one another. If the daughter of a gentleman sought an introduction to a likely partner, I should introduce him in the first instance to her father. You can't be too careful in such matters. The responsibility is great."

Mr. Whiteley spoke very seriously. "Of course," he added, more lightly, "I often supply best men, just as I do wedding breakfasts. That is a mere matter of business."

"I cannot possibly say what I would do if you 'Mr. X' came to me on such an errand. If his credentials were entirely satisfactory I might be interested in his case, and do my best to assist him. Or, again, I might not. At any rate, if I did, it would be a strictly private and personal matter between us."

"Please be very careful," concluded Mr. Whiteley, in gracefully dismissing the *Daily Mirror*, "as to what you tell your readers. It is a very delicate matter."

UNWILLING BACHELORS.

"Mr. X's" correspondence to-day is quite swamped by the letters from bachelors in all stations of life and of all ages imploring the *Daily Mirror* to find them wives.

Many write asking to be put in communication with any suitable and likely woman, while others, selecting from the letters which have been published in the *Daily Mirror*, write asking that their letters may be forwarded.

That is, of course, impossible. It is one thing to forward letters to "Mr. X," but quite another to put any man who cares to write in communication with what are in many cases young and inexperienced girls.

A "Nurse Who Can Stand Alone" has taken the fancy of a Government employee in Sheerness Dockyard, and "Patience" has many admirers.

ALL KINDS OF SUITORS.

The "Hampshire Girl of Twenty-three" has further correspondents to-day. Among them is a commercial traveller of twenty-four—who shows his business capacity by talking of refunding the expenses of correspondence—and a bachelor of independent means, and thirty years of age. This last thinks her lot so sad that he is prepared to see whether he might be acceptable. Another of her admirers describes himself very fully:—

I stand about 6ft. 2in. in height, of athletic build, well-informed, intellectual, fair-speaking, and rather travelled. Other people say I am good-looking, but I am not. The majority of you like me, and say I am very good company, and should make an ideal husband.

It seems strange that such a man should be unable to find a wife. It is only fair to add that he sends another letter for "The tall and fair-haired lady of thirty-five at Sheffield." While giving the same description of himself he says that he much prefers tall, fair women to anything else.

Another correspondent who veils his identity under the name of "Hymen," but adds a good old English name, not for publication, frankly

avows that he wants a little money with his prospective bride. He describes himself as a consulting engineer of thirty-seven, and suggests that "An unwilling spinster of Teddington" would be most likely to meet his requirements.

A widow with initials "H. N." who writes from Dorchester, tells a very simple but telling tale. She has been a widow for thirteen years, with a boy now fourteen. We should both of us be better for a good wife and mother, had I the luck to secure a second.

A correspondent who signs himself "Y. Z." says that he looks upon the *Daily Mirror* as a personal friend, but if only it will find him a wife he would be more than grateful. His letter goes on:

I cannot marry simply because I do not know any suitable woman, and have no means of becoming acquainted with one.

I am thirty-five, and have regular employment. I should be too glad to meet a bright girl, from eighteen to twenty-five, who wishes to find an honourable, decent man for a husband.

His letter quotes the trouble of almost all the unwilling bachelors. They have no means of getting to know girls whom they can marry.

VARYING VIEWS ON THE "SINGLE LIFE."

A MARRIED MAN'S WARNING.

Is single life a success? A thousand times, Yes. If a man values liberty and almost everything else, let him remain single. I have been married now five years, and I envy the days when I was a bachelor. My advice to all young men is think of everything else before marriage. DESPAIR.

York Rise, N.W.

SOUR GRAPES OF MATRIMONY.

The many apparently insurmountable difficulties set forth by bachelors and spinsters could be overcome by the exercising of common-sense and discretion, and the subduing of selfishness. As for the abuse which is levelled at matrimony, it is mostly a matter of "sour grapes."

Rotherham. J. H. SAYLES.

LET BACHELORS BE MANLY.

I am a very happy spinster, out in the world, earning my own living, and find much pleasure in life with all its ups and downs. I cannot afford to sit down and pine away for a man's love.

If "Forced To Be a Bachelor" would come out of his shell of selfishness and face the world manfully, someone might take pity on him. There are women still to be found.

Sherborne, Dorset. A HAPPY OLD MAID.

THE OPEN-AIR WIFE.

Many men on getting married overlook the possibility of making a clum of their wife.

Why not make an out-of-door woman of her? I believe in sunshine in the home, but far more in home in the sunshine.

Given favourable conditions, the man who meets and marries the woman who can take part in his recreations will find marriage a success. REX.

Radcilffe-road, Southampton.

LUCKY IN BEING SINGLE."

I am an old maid, over forty, and absolutely happy in being so.

Most of my friends are married; most of them, if not all, envy me, and when I hear the unhappiness of their lives, I think myself lucky in being single. Still, I quite believe it is a woman's vocation to be married if she marries the right man. I like men for friends, but revel in my single blessedness.

BEDFORD. A. B.

BACHELOR NOT FROM CHOICE.

I am a bachelor of thirty-one, not from choice, but necessity. I should like to marry, but dare not, as my salary is only sufficient for one, and there seems no prospect of its increasing.

I enjoy life as it is now, but what is to become of me in later years? I should like a home of my own and a wife, but I dare not pay my attention to any woman under the circumstances.

Church-road, Leyton, N.E. Y. Z.

SWEETHEARTS ALWAYS.

I have been married for thirty-two years, and have three grandchildren. My means are very limited, but I have found it a long life of happiness, for my wife and I have never ceased being sweethearts.

I would as soon leave for business without my hat as depart without the good-bye kiss (a real one, not the conventional peck). Perhaps some of your young up-to-date readers will think I am only a silly old man.

A SPANISH VIEW.

It is not easy to find girls who marry for the sake of love only. Generally they want to find new situations in marriage, to be able to enjoy pleasures which the single life could not provide at home. That is why they prefer men who have money.

The latter, wishing to please their wives, spend all their money on them, and often sacrifice some of their pleasures so as to be able to support the luxury of their wives, and very often the husbands are repaid by ingratitude.

These being the consequences of married life in some instances nowadays, shall we be in a hurry to marry? A man may be sufficiently happy by himself. ANTONIO FERRER ESQUERO.

(From Valencia, Spain.)

POLOPH-LANE, E.C.

TOWN HALL FOR LONDON IN MID-THEMES.

Striking Suggestion by a Well-known Engineer To Provide a Municipal Building.

PALACE ON A BRIDGE.

BY ALFRED R. BENNETT, M.I.E.E.

It is now some fourteen months since, when resident in Glasgow, that I saw by the Press that the London County Council tram subway was to be brought to Aldwych, and that considerable difference of opinion existed as to how the tramways north and south of the Thames could best be linked up.

Knowing London—my native city—thoroughly, I at once remembered the difference of level that exists between the Strand at St. Clement Danes and the river, and saw that a bridge was possible at this point, which, while carrying the road traffic on a practically level plane, would admit of a junction with the tramway tunnel by means of a gradient easy for electric cars.

The extension of the bridge by means of a new thoroughfare to St. George's Circus immediately appeared desirable, owing to the congested state of the existing tramway termini at Waterloo and Blackfriars. So much traffic originates at these

necks would see to that—and, as the prevailing west winds in London come from the south-west, they would strike the building approximately end-on.

The morning sun would shine on one side of the half, the afternoon sun on the other—an ideal condition for the employees' health. As to noise from the traffic, very little would penetrate the massive vaulting. The pavement would be asphalt or wood, and the rumble probably less obtrusive than in an ordinary streetside office.

The accommodation would be palatial. A beautiful council chamber, commodious committee rooms, reception-rooms, dining-room, hall-room, library, music room, picture-gallery—there would be space for all. A concert hall, too, which would enable the L.C.C. to give the people music in winter as well as in summer. So far from there being lack of room, I believe there would be space to let.

TOWER FOR SIGHT-SEERS.

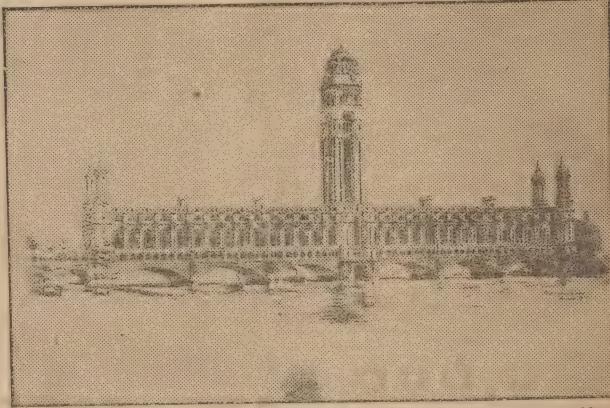
Then the tower would be an infinite attraction. By an electric lift visitors would be whisked up in a few seconds to a height from which they would look down upon the dome of St. Paul's and have the whole of London and the surrounding counties spread like a map before them. The proposed clock and chimes on the Surrey gable would soon be famed amongst the youthful Londoners, and they would grow up with their county hall writ large upon their imaginations.

As the building would be over 300 yards long, there would be narrow gauge electric tramways along the chief corridors and terraces to enable employees and visitors to flit about. For business purposes no locality could be better. The Temple Station, Temple Pier (for L.C.C. steamers), Waterloo Stations and trams, all would be at hand.

London has not had a new municipal building worthy of note for centuries. The present opportunity seems certainly too good to be lost.

ALFRED R. BENNETT.

THE PALACE ON THE BRIDGE.



This is how Mr. Bennett's County Council hall would look from Blackfriars Bridge.

WHAT THE WORLD IS SAYING.

Royal Teetotallers.

The Sultan of Turkey and the Queen of the Netherlands are the only total abstainers among European Sovereigns.—*Brooklyn Daily Eagle*.

Modern Laziness.

We live in a lazy, work-shirking age, and we want education, like everything else, to be made as smooth as a royal road and as amusing as a kindergarten.—*The Headmaster of Rugby*, in the "Times."

Men in the Moon.

A Berlin professor believes there is yet life on the moon. He thinks that the last of the moon dwellers live in caverns, fly by means of wings, dare not fear the sunlight, and have eyes like owls and bats.—*Boston Globe*.

Louise Michel as a Woman.

The "Red Virgin," as her friends knew, was indeed charitable and good. Her soul always remained simple, and she loved to compose fairy stories and legends for the amusement of little children. The only quality she lacked, indeed, was common sense.—*Paris Figaro*.

Wait for an Appetite.

A prolific cause of chronic indigestion is eating from habit, and simply because it is meal-time and others are eating. To eat when not hungry is to eat without relish, and food taken without relish is worse than wasted.—*Food and Cookery*.

Russian Determination.

Russia is more determined than ever to vanquish her foes for all costs. Nothing will stop her—neither the question of human lives nor the question of money. She is preparing for a colossal effort, and events will dispel the cherished illusion of Japan that the war would finish with the fall of Port Arthur.—*Echo de Paris*.

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28, Bedford-st., Charing Cross, W.C. Assets £2,790, Liabilities £285,680. Surplus £12,10. 21/- of capital and surpluses available for withdrawal. Deposits of £10 or upwards received as under: Subject to 2 months' notice of withdrawal 5 p.c. per ann.
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BILIOUSNESS,
HEADACHE,
STOMACH AND
LIVER COMPLAINTS**
And all DISEASES ARISING THEREFROM.

These Wonderful Curative Pills, Prepared by DOCTOR ROOKE (of Scarborough) 70 years ago, still maintain their MARVELLOUS REPUTATION.

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FASHIONS OF THE MOMENT—THE LEG OF MUTTON SLEEVE.

MODES AND MILLINERY.

CLOTH AND SILK USED TOGETHER.

This is the season of cloth and velvet. If a visiting frock is not made of velvet it is almost certain to be of cloth or of cloth and velvet combined, though every effort is also being made to make heavy silk fashionable.

A very pretty toilette has a skirt of steel-coloured peau de soie flounced with scalloped satin cloth in the same colour. With it is worn a redingote of cloth which has draped revers of silk opening over a fancy waistcoat. Velvet and mouseline de soie are used for evening toilettes, especially as bridge-party gowns. A recent interpretation of this idea was a coat of lavender velvet and a skirt of coarse net in the same shade.

A Renovation Scheme.

This vogue makes it very possible to utilise elderly frocks by combining them with new fabrics. Velvet coats of the picturesque Louis XVI. period are added to gauze and mouseline skirts with every success. Beyond the splendour of the velvet used there need be nothing very elaborate in the scheme. Severity of outline is indeed the keynote of such evening frocks, and many models have a perfectly plain full skirt, pointed draped bodices, and close-fitting wrinkled elbow sleeves.

Striped velvets are greatly in demand for the purpose. A smart model of black and white striped velvet has a deep Louis coat and a perfectly plain white skirt. The coat opens to reveal a waistcoat of white satin embroidered with black French knots.

Short-fitted or bloused boleros decorated with heavy wide silk braid and worn with cloth skirts of the same colour, or contrasting velvet skirts are very fashionable. Appliquéd trimmings of cut-out cloth and embroidery stitches are set upon silk, velvet, or a contrasting cloth, and wrought into a species of cloth lace, and these are fixed upon corresponding cloths or other materials. A great deal of fancy stitching is used for the embellishment of cloth costumes.

Something About Sleeves.

The sleeve of the season assumes many forms, but all obey the general rule, which places the greatest fullness at the top of the arm. True it is that there are modest coat sleeves on many of the tailor-made frocks, which show only a scanty fullness at the armhole, and there are numerous elbow sleeves that follow the line of the arm quite closely. These models, however, though not very full at the top, are less full elsewhere, and so may not be written down as exceptions to the rule.

There are various ways of bulging out the sleeve at the top. Light padding will in some cases do the work well, and fine silk may give the right effect, but fine boning is seen in the majority of the models. In a leg of mutton sleeve whalebone is easily adjusted, and in some of the short evening puff sleeves cords are run through and form a part of the sleeve trimming while serving also as a support. The leg of mutton model, pure and simple, is not yet extensively used, and when seen has not the exaggerated proportions of the elbow sleeve, but in a modified form it already accompanies some of the long velvet or cloth coats.

Sleeves with a single puff, double puffs, or triple puffs to the elbow, and a long close-mitten cuff below, are everywhere observable, and a host of variations are based upon this theme.

Brown and mauve colourings used together are popular in millinery modes now, while next in

"WHAT SETS THE BABY ON ITS LEGS,

RIDGE AND MAKES ITS LIMBS SO STRONG?

RIDGE

Why, RIDGE'S FOOD, the MOTHER'S FRIEND,

RIDGE

SOON MAKES IT PUSH ALONG."

Making Money

Fels-Naptha turns 2½ into 2/6 on washday 52 times a year, if you go by the book.

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popular favour would seem to be the greys, shading from light-pearl to a deep-smoke shade, and greens, from a light-apple shade to a green of the deepest emerald hue. Many blue hats are seen, mostly made of velvet or beaver in the dull shade, and very frequently these hats are trimmed with either blue or pink roses of the button variety with their foliage. Tiny roses are finding favour again now. White beaver tricorne hats, trimmed with ribbon or coque pompons, are worn by tiny girls, while the older girl wears the same model in black or dark blue beaver with a red cockade.

GELATINE MOULDS.

Always use good sugar. When lemon-rinds are used for flavouring cut them very thin or they will give a bitter taste. If wine or brandy be used it should be slightly

Below is depicted a corsage of folded cloth, with a cascade of lace beneath a V-shaped vest:



The blouse illustrated above is made of shaded mauve panne, trimmed with foscile lace and pansy-coloured velvet.

heated and put in after the gelatine is strained, as by boiling the spirit the flavour of it is lost.

Wait till the mixture is beginning to set before pouring it into the mould.

Be careful to rinse the mould in cold water just before pouring in the blanc mange.

For macaroons or fruit jelly more gelatine must be used, as a firmer jelly is required to bear the weight of the fruit. The larger the mould the more gelatine is required in proportion.

Metal moulds are best for general use; use either copper ones or tin ones with copper tops.

When turning out jellies, creams, and so forth immerse the mould quickly in hot water, dry it with a cloth, and turn it out on to a cold dish.

DON'TS ON DRESS.

Don't buy cheap boots or gloves.

Don't wear your walking dress in the house.

Don't use a cheap, poor ribbon in millinery.

Don't send anything to the laundry before it is washed.

Don't on any account put a dress away without brushing it.

Don't forget to iron the wrinkles out of sleeves occasionally.

Don't let boots and shoes wear through before they are sold.

Don't take a bodice off and put it away immediately—lay it out to air.

Don't hang a skirt up by the fastening, fix two tapes to it for this purpose.

Don't expect your hair to shine unless you brush it thoroughly well every night and morning.

JANUARY IN JAPAN.

A DREAM BOUGHT FOR A MIRROR.

January is an important month for man and maid in Japan. In that land it is customary for persons to calculate their age, not, as with us, from the day of their birth, but from the New Year's Day that follows it.

So the first day of the year becomes, for practical and business purposes, the birthday of every member of the nation, though boys celebrate their fate on May 5, when paper carp, the fish emblematic of indomitable courage and resolution, flutter from every house-top.

The birthday of Japanese girls is kept on March 3, and very pretty are the customs connected with this domestic festival. The tiny models of ancestors, called O Hina Sama, dressed in the costumes of the period at which they lived, are

fallen under the influence of the Buddhist religion, secluding themselves in some monastery, there to prepare for the bliss of Nirvana by meditation and works of charity.

Very different is the significance attached to January 2. On this day the dark-eyed daughters of the land seek to learn their future lot from the interpretation of their night's visions. Sorrow and the shame of being a divorced wife await the unhappy maiden who, during those fatal hours of darkness, dreams of eating a pear; while joy and prosperity are the future portion of her before whose sleep-laden eyes appears the delicate blossom of the cherry-tree.

Fortunately for those who are bad slumberers dreams may be purchased or bartered like any other commodity. A well-known story tells how, on a certain New Year's Day, the beautiful maiden Masako obtained an auspicious dream from her younger sister in exchange for a valuable mirror. Never was better bargain made, for lo! the following day brought her a letter from her brave and handsome but unfortunate lover Yoritomo.

He was at this time a political exile, but, emboldened by the happy omen, Masako plied her powerful father with tears and entreaties to such good purpose that he consented to espouse the young noble's cause. The exile was restored to his land, and the lovers at last happily united.

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(All communications in Box Department strictly confidential.)

**MRS. DE BATHE WINS
HER FIRST N.H. RACE.**

Hopeless II. Luckiest in the Warrington Hurdle Race—Mishaps, but No Serious Accidents.

GREY FRIARS' SELECTIONS.

Hard, dry, dull weather welcomed a large gathering to picturesquely Haydock Park for the steeplechases yesterday. There was good racing, but the feature of the proceedings was the success of certain horses which had lately shown very disappointing form.

* * *

Hurry On proved best in Luckiest in the Makersfield Handicap. He had won down the course at Manchester a sufficient, it was reported, through the influence of Ranunculus, but now divided favouritism with Saxifrage. The latter was going well what time Hurry On dalled in the rear, but towards the close of the meeting Hurry On rapidly improved the position, and scored comfortably from Clapton.

* * *

The odds laid on Express were bowled over by Methelios, so back-to-back probably had enough of Courtswaithe's candidate to be safe. Methelios was subsequently sent back without a bid being offered for him when put up to auction for 50 guineas.

* * *

Mr. J. M. Kerner's ILIMAN managed to beat the unloved V. K. Brandy in the Warrington Hurdle, the principal race of the afternoon. Minnow II. got all the order among the sharps, but that horse had short shrift. Taking off too soon at the first hurdle he came down, so George Williamson was not able to repeat his performance of last year when winning the corresponding race on Cherton Bell.

* * *

Williamson escaped without hurt, so did Waddington on Autibus at the last hurdle. This horse apparently had the race in hand, as he left the grandstand spectators were surprised to see him quickly recover the effect of what had appeared to be a really bad crupper, in which Waddington received a kick on the head. Few of the general public believed Hopeless II. capable of winning, but Robinson's stable again backed him.

* * *

Mr. E. Woodland, a magician with crooks of jumpers, bought Hopeless II. for fifteen guineas, got several races of him, and disposed of the gelding at a fine profit. In the race in question, however, he received some of that money invested in his purchase by Mr. Kerner. King's Idler, good enough nowadays to take a place among platters, has very much fallen away from his old-time standard. This horse was now ridden by George Goswell, who has lately been a victim to influenza.

* * *

Among the trio in the White Lodge Selling Steeplechase, St. Seymour, who had won the first, was beaten. His paddock gamely stuck, but could only get second to Winkfield's Dower, on whom odds had been laid. Mr. Waller subsequently sold the winner for ninety guineas.

* * *

Mrs. Langtry's nose for course for many years has been "Mr. Jersey," but this year she has been discarded, and Mrs. de Bath has the satisfaction of finding her candidate, Seymour, win the Ashton Maiden Hurdle after a desperate race, the verdict being a short head against Consequence. Cleverly did not break when his stablemate, Spaniard, in the preceding race, and pulled up very leg-weary. Drummagh had scarcely recovered from the effects of his Birmingham efforts. He was well backed, but could not get nearer than third—albeit he easily led a length behind.

* * *

Castewise, when the property of Mr. Schwind, disappointed on many occasions, and at last he found his way into Mr. Brown's stable, was not far from fate, but fell at the third fence, and, galloping on, tried to get into the paddock, smashing the palisading into pieces. Dependence, the second favourite, finished the course, but looked like falling at every obstacle, and ultimately Court Flavour won by fifteen lengths.

SELECTIONS FOR TO-DAY.

HAYDOCK PARK.

1. 0.—Club Steeplechase—SURPRISE HILL.
1.30.—Selling Flat Race—FAST CASTLE.
2. 0.—Haydock Steeplechase—GLAMORE.
2.30.—Station Hurdle—OROYA.
3. 0.—Earlston Hurdle—HURST PARK.
3.30.—St. Helens Steeplechase—CHILUMCHEE.

SPECIAL SELECTION.

HURST PARK. GREY FRIARS.

RACING RETURNS.

HAYDOCK PARK.—WEDNESDAY

- 1.0.—MAKERFIELD HANDICAP STEEPECHASE of 70
Mr. Ned Clark's HURRY ON, by Amphion—Hurry, aged. 1st 6lb ... 10s 10d
Mr. G. C. Dohell's GENOCION, aged. 10s 10d ... 10s 10d
Mr. W. L. Longworth's GARNISH II., aged. 1st 2lb
Mr. Allerton's THE Panther, aged. 10s 5lb ... Phillips 0
Mr. J. P. Egan's Stolen Bride, aged. 1st 0 ... Waddington 0

Betting—9 to 4 each for Stolen Bride; Hurry On, 4 to 1; Garnish II., 8 to 1 (Encption, 10 to 1 any other (offered). Won by three lengths; four lengths separated the second and third.)

1.30.—WEDNESDAY SELLING HURDLE RACE of 70
sols.; winner to be sold for 50 guineas. Two miles.

- Mr. S. J. Bell's METHELIOS, by Childwick—Aureline, aged. 1st 9lb ... 10s 10d
Mr. H. T. Pearcey's BUTTERMILK, aged. 1st 2lb
Mr. T. Couthwaite's EXPRESS, aged. 1st 5lb ... W. Woodland

Mr. J. B. Foster's Favonius, aged. 1st 9lb ... Phelan 3
Mrs. C. Campbell Russell's Veiled Queen, aged. 1st 9lb ... 0
Mr. J. Symington's Bonnie Pet, aged. 1st 5lb ... E. Ward 0

Betting—10 to 1 on Express; 4 to 1 aged Methelios; 7 to 1 Veiled Queen; 8 to 1 Buttermilk; 10 to 1 Favonius; 0 to 1 Bonny Pet (offered). Won by three-quarters of a length; one length divided the second and third. The winner was not sold.

2.0.—WARRINGTON HANDICAP HURDLE RACE of 150
sols.; two miles.

- Mr. J. M. Kurn's HOPELESS II., by Kursay—Trifolium, Syrs. 1st 5lb ... 10s 10d
Mr. J. F. Appleyard's LORD BRAND, aged. 1st 13lb ... Dumb 2

Mr. Ned Clark's OROYA, Syrs. 1st 10lb ... 10s 10d
Mr. C. Myrons' Thremhall, aged. 1st 13lb ... Mr. Ferguson 0
Sir P. Walker's Aulber, Syrs. 1st 11lb ... W. Washington 0
Mr. J. Shepherd's King's Idler, aged. 1st 7lb ... Goswell 0

Mr. G. A. Prentiss's Spinning Minnow, Syrs. 1st 10lb	W. Williamson 0
Mr. J. Wheeler's Kitchen II., aged. 10s 10d ... 10s 10d	W. Williamson 0
Mr. H. S. Neill's Kioto, 4yrs. 10st (car. 10st 1lb) Owner	0
Betting—(Winner trained by Mr. Robinson)	0
Mr. H. S. Neill's Kioto, 4yrs. 10st (car. 10st 1lb) Owner	0
1 to 2 Hopetous II., aged 6 lb Lord Brand, 10 to 1 any other (offered). Won by three-quarters of a length; six lengths separated the second and third.	0

3.0.—WHITE LODGE SELLING STEEPECHASE of 70
sols.; winner to be sold for 50 guineas. Two miles.

- Mr. J. S. Waller's WINKFIELD'S DOWER, by Winkfield—Honey, aged. 1st 7lb ... 10s 10d
Mr. G. Brown's BUCKLEY, aged. 1st 7lb ... Mr. Ferguson 0
Mr. J. Coway's MENELIK, aged. 1st 7lb H. Land 3

(Winner trained by Owner)

Betting—15 to 1 on Winkfield's Dower; 3 to 1 aged Menelik, 5 to 1 Sheerness. Won by ten lengths; two lengths between the second and third. The winner was sold to Mr. A. W. Walton for 50 guineas.

3.0.—ASHTON MAIDEN STEEPECHASE of 70 sols. Two miles.

Mr. de Rethes' SEYMOUR, by St. Sert—Elizabeth

of Hertfordshire, aged. 1st 7lb ... 10s 10d
Mr. J. Fagan's CONSEQUENCE, Syrs. 1st 5lb Driskill 2

Mr. J. M. Kern's DRUMIGH, 4yrs. 1st ... Birch 0

Mr. J. Pearcey's TRUAMENT, aged. 1st 7lb ... Mr. Ferguson 0

Mr. M. D. Peacock's True Step, Syrs. 1st 5lb ... St. Silvestro 0

Mr. W. Hall Walker's Despils, Syrs. 1st 5lb ... Mr. Ferguson 0

Mr. J. Coway's Ley, 4yrs. 10st 7lb ... F. Mason 0

Mr. R. V. Hartley's King Thistle, 4yrs. 10st 7lb ... Atkinson 0

Mr. W. A. Jarvis's Clermont, 4yrs. 10st 7lb W. Williamson 0

Mr. H. F. Peel's Edinburgh, 4yrs. 10st 7lb ... Goswell 0

Mr. Ross's St. Clare, Syrs. 1st 10st 7lb ... Goswell 0

(Winner trained by Wilson)

Betting—11 to 4 aged Drumigh; 2 to 1 aged Despils; 5 to 2 Court Flavour. Won by fifteen lengths; Castlewife fell.

TO-DAY'S PROGRAMME.

HAYDOCK PARK.

1.0.—CLUB MAIDEN STEEPECHASE PLATE of 70
sols.; two miles.

Mr. Castewise ... yrs at 1b ... Miss Mustard 0

Mr. Marcellus ... yrs at 1b ... Mr. Ferguson 0

Mr. Patrick's Saint ... yrs at 1b ... Alkbar 0

Mr. T. Pearcey's Dependence ... yrs at 1b ... Mr. Ferguson 0

Mr. R. H. Pearcey's Dependence, Syrs. 1st 2lb ... Taylor 1

Mr. R. B. Bentley's CASTLEWISE, aged. 1st 7lb ... F. Lyall 3

(Winner trained by Mr. Digby)

Betting—6 to 4 aged Castlewise; 2 to 1 Dependence; 5 to 2 Court Flavour. Won by fifteen lengths; Castlewife fell.

TO-DAY'S PROGRAMME.

HAZELWOOD PARK.

1.30.—SELLING NATIONAL HUNT FLAT RACE of 70
sols.; two miles.

Mr. Methelios ... yrs at 1b ... Albion 0

Mr. Deskius ... yrs at 1b ... Craig Dhu 0

Childwick ... yrs at 1b ... Springold 0

What Next ... yrs at 1b ... Dumb 0

Kiora ... yrs at 1b ... Athel Roy 0

Edgar ... yrs at 1b ... Kirk 0

Evasion ... yrs at 1b ... The Panther 0

A Theodore ... yrs at 1b ... Cowboy 0

Ranunculus ... yrs at 1b ... Royal Cygnus 0

3.0.—SELLING NATIONAL HUNT FLAT RACE of 70
sols.; two miles.

Mr. Methelios ... yrs at 1b ... sold for 50 sols.

Mr. Deskius ... yrs at 1b ... Albion 0

Childwick ... yrs at 1b ... Craig Dhu 0

What Next ... yrs at 1b ... Dumb 0

Kiora ... yrs at 1b ... Athel Roy 0

Edgar ... yrs at 1b ... Kirk 0

Evasion ... yrs at 1b ... The Panther 0

A Theodore ... yrs at 1b ... Cowboy 0

Ranunculus ... yrs at 1b ... Royal Cygnus 0

3.0.—STATION SELLING HANDICAP HURDLE RACE of 200 sols.; two miles.

Mr. The Actuary ... yrs at 1b ... Rathangan 0

Mr. Hill of Bres ... yrs at 1b ... Miss Doods 0

Mr. Glamore ... yrs at 1b ... 7 ... Arnold 0

Mr. Patrick's Saint ... yrs at 1b ... 8 ... Alkin 0

Mr. Childwick ... yrs at 1b ... 9 ... Dumb 0

What Next ... yrs at 1b ... 10 ... Athel Roy 0

Kiora ... yrs at 1b ... 11 ... Kirk 0

Edgar ... yrs at 1b ... 12 ... Dumb 0

Evasion ... yrs at 1b ... 13 ... Dumb 0

A Theodore ... yrs at 1b ... 14 ... Dumb 0

Ranunculus ... yrs at 1b ... 15 ... Dumb 0

3.0.—EARLSTOWN HANDICAP HURDLE RACE of 70
sols.; two miles.

Mr. Aultbea ... yrs at 1b ... Gentleman Joe 0

Mr. Mr. ... yrs at 1b ... 6 ... Mr. Claude 0

A Hurst Park ... yrs at 1b ... 7 ... Dumb 0

Effigie ... yrs at 1b ... 8 ... Mr. Ferguson 0

Lavengro ... yrs at 1b ... 9 ... Mr. Ferguson 0

Hall ... yrs at 1b ... 10 ... Mr. Ferguson 0

Reckitt ... yrs at 1b ... 11 ... Mr. Ferguson 0

St. Iam ... yrs at 1b ... 12 ... Mr. Ferguson 0

Black Mark ... yrs at 1b ... 13 ... Mr. Ferguson 0

Rhomboid ... yrs at 1b ... 14 ... Mr. Ferguson 0

Gabriel ... yrs at 1b ... 15 ... Mr. Ferguson 0

Gold Harbour ... yrs at 1b ... 16 ... Mr. Ferguson 0

Quills ... yrs at 1b ... 17 ... Mr. Ferguson 0

Judith ... yrs at 1b ... 18 ... Mr. Ferguson 0

McMahon II. ... yrs at 1b ... 19 ... Mr. Ferguson 0

Aspinwall ... yrs at 1b ... 20 ... Mr. Ferguson 0

Chimenee ... yrs at 1b ... 21 ... Mr. Ferguson 0

The Panther ... yrs at 1b ... 22 ... Mr. Ferguson 0

A Hurry On ... yrs at 1b ... 23 ... Mr. Ferguson 0

A Wreat ... yrs at 1b ... 24 ... Mr. Ferguson 0

Beven ... yrs at 1b ... 25 ... Mr. Ferguson 0

MANCHESTER ACCEPTANCES.

**MANCHESTER HANDICAP STEEPECHASE OF 70
sols.; three miles.**

The highest weight acceptance was 12st 5lb. The weights

have been raised in accordance with Rule 52, yrs at 1b

Lord ... Mr. H. B. Black's What Next 0

Mr. G. H. Peacock's Rose II. 0

Mr. G. B. Rogers' Way Busby 0

Mr. Ned Clark's Hurry On 4 to 1

Mr. H. T. Pearcey's Dependence 0

Mr. J. P. Egan's Stolen Bride 0

Fred Le Bay's Burritania 0

Mr. G. B. Rogers' Greyhound 0

Lord Seton's Cuppy 0

Mr. J. M. Kurn's HOPELESS II. 0

Mr. H. T. Pearcey's Buttermilk 0

Mr. T. Couthwaite's EXPRESS, Syrs. 1st 5lb ... W. Woodland 0

Mr. J. B. Foster's Favonius, 4yrs. 1st 9lb ... Phelan 0

Mrs. C. Campbell Russell's Veiled Queen, aged. 1st 9lb ... 0

Mr. J. Symington's Bonnie Pet, Syrs. 1st 5lb ... E. Ward 0

Mr. J. M. Kurn's HOPELESS II. 0

Mr. H. T. Pearcey's Trifolium 0

Betting—10 to 1 on Express; 4 to 1 aged Methelios; 7 to 1 Veiled Queen; 8 to 1 Buttermilk; 10 to 1 Favonius; 0 to 1 (offered). Won by three-quarters of a length; one length divided the second and third. The winner was not sold.

2.0.—WARRINGTON HANDICAP HURDLE RACE of 150
sols.; two miles.

Mr. J. M. Kurn's HOPELESS II. 0

Mr. H. T. Pearcey's Trifolium 0

Mr. T. Couthwaite's EXPRESS, Syrs. 1st 5lb ... W. Woodland 0

Mr. J. B. Foster's Favonius, 4yrs. 1st 9lb ... Phelan 0

Mrs. C. Campbell Russell's Veiled Queen, aged. 1st 9lb ... 0

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LONDON F.A. AND AMATEURISM.

An Arbitrary Rule Passed At This Week's Meeting.

TRIAL MATCH CHANGES.

Against the advice of its more level-headed members, the Council of the London Football Association has descended to compulsory service for the one representative match to which in seasons subsequent to the present it will confine its Saturday attention.

There will be the usual inter-county and 'Varsity fixtures for mid-week, and next season the one Saturday representative match will, it is possible, be against Lancashire Amateurs.

The reason for this high-handed procedure in the way of amateurism is the illusory belief that the senior clubs and the old boys are the stumbling-blocks to the proper representation of the L.F.A. in its inter-Association games. It is pointed out by Mr. H. Earle of Cottenham that it is derogatory for an amateur body to compel a man to play against his will. If the honour is not a sufficient incentive the Association did not wish for players under other conditions. And so on, after all, into the details of the subject.

Supposing, for instance, a man could not get off from his professional work to make a long journey into Lancashire; was he to be debarred, as a punishment, from playing club football on the Saturday half-holiday? Such martyrdom would be preposterous.

Will Rely On Common-sense.

It was suggested that the common-sense of the executive would prevent the practice of any injustice under this new rule. It is regretted that such a common-sense view does not prevail with the resolution.

And, again, it may be interesting to relate that for several years now the Corinthians and old boys have never been invited to play in the London Cup. Who fails to see that this must have been allowed to obtain without even a meek protest? It was scarcely the old boys' place to suggest that the invitation should be given them. In the old days, before the clamour for legislation and this kind of thing, it was natural that it was in the thoughts of the executive, we used to get great sides out against Birmingham, Sheffield, Lancashire, and Staffordshire. There is a most undesirable feeling among the Amateurs of the London Council. And that with a grievance is a dreadful person.

This compulsory rule adopted by the council cannot become law until it has been carried by a two-thirds majority in general meeting.

A Worker Lost.

Mr. W. J. Boissard's resignation from the L.F.A. Council denotes the executive of an earnest worker, who has done a vast amount of good for the game, in that quiet way common to earnestness. His loss is indeed a loss for the game. He will be missed, for he believed that the game itself to be of physical value to the race, must be practised as a recreation from the mere serious walks of life. And so in his own division and on sub-committee, Mr. Boissard's work is to be missed, and it is to fail if it fails. It is understood that Mr. Boissard's financial interests have necessitated his retirement from the London F.A. Council.

In the second round the draw is as follows:—

Dulwich Hamlet or Croydon South End v. Bromley or Ilford.

Old Westminsters or Clapton v. West Hamptons.

Towney Park or Richmond Association v. Leytonstone.

Old Mertonians or Casuals v. Ealing or London Caledonians.

With the Amateur Cup-ties and the Home Counties Cup-ties all overlapping, there is the possibility of getting the second round of the London through by the 2nd, and this was practically admitted by the council, who have delayed fixing up the grounds for the semi-finals.

Trouble in East Anglia.

There seems to be something rotten in the state of East Anglia, so far as regards the management of some of the leading clubs. The Football Association Special Committee have been sounding alarms and sensations in a country where the last thought of an amateur with veiled professionalism. The seamy side of much professed amateurism when it is exposed is certainly startling.

It is to be regretted that Herbert Smith, of Reading, has again stepped off when chosen in a big F.A. trial game. The committee has brought in Moon in his place. Why Moon before Page of Cambridge, for Page can play either left or right wing? And why Woodhouse and Lomax are now divided as the reserves for the Amateurs, unless a complete international amateur forward line is chosen, I think Woodward should be played centre, as being far more skilful than anyone else of assimilating his methods with professionals.

TEMPLAR.

JUNIOR FOOTBALL.

Schoolmasters Who Give Up Their Rest Time to Training the Boys.

Many expressions of surprise were heard at the Tottenham Hotspur ground last week, when the local schoolboys met and defeated the Rest of London. There were many present who had not till then realised the high standard of play which obtains in the schoolboy football of to-day.

"The rest time 'catch' can no longer be used as an expression of contempt, for the lads display as intelligent an appreciation of the finer points of the game as any of their elders, and have shown that the schoolboys of Tottenham can say that they would travel far for the pleasure of witnessing the well-trained and enthusiastic youngsters.

Of course, this happy state of affairs has not been attained without much hard work, and Southern football of the future will owe much to the masters who have taken the lads in hand. While it is undoubtedly a labour of love to them, yet it is only through the expenditure of considerable amounts of self-sacrifice. Much of the training is done, necessarily, during the mid-day interval, for the evenings are short, and the "coach" either has a hurried meal or none at all.

Some Hard Workers.

It would astound many people to hear how much of their leisure these schoolmasters give up for the benefit of their pupils, and I am afraid that, even in quarters where their efforts should be appreciated, their self-sacrificing nature is too often taken for granted. It would be impossible to mention the hundreds of willing helpers, but few who have naturally come more to the front than others. Mr. C. Cook's energies have brought Tottenham to the fore in many branches of sport, and Hallinan and Mr. Norman have laboured long in West London.

South London has won the Corinthian Shield more occasions than any other association, and this was

mainly due to Mr. J. F. Wood. Of late seasons Mr. Lucius has carried on the good work.

Mr. Harry Earle, who keeps the goal for Notts County, has many years the mentor of the lads of West Ham, and though Mr. Mansfield is in charge now Mr. Earle still devotes what time he can spare to the game. He loves so well the game that he has had to leave his wife (Miss Greenhill), Taylor (Walthamstow), Castell (Islington), Dakin (Marylebone), and Schumacher (Hackney).

The Fulham F.C. have acted very generously by allowing the lads out of their splendid enclosure for the semi-final tie for the Corinthian Shield between West London and West Ham. The match will be played on Saturday afternoon next, and with the lads away Manchester do not have a large number of the regular party of the ground will thereby have the opportunity of witnessing a schoolboy match.

Both West Ham and West London have good sides this season, and those who visit the enclosure will not regret it.

A Sheffield Trained Nurse writes:—

"I have used 'Antipon' in the case of the very fattest woman I have ever treated. The result has been marvellous. She is getting smaller and beautifully fit every day; the best of it is she is in perfect health now, where before she had all sorts of trouble."

"Illustrated London News" says:

"'Antipon' not only speeds up absorption and throws out of the system all superabundant adipose matter, but increases strength and vitality."

An Oxfordshire Surgeon writes:—

"I am trying it ('Antipon') in a serious case of a man weighing 16 stone, short and with heart affection. He already has lost 3 stone."

YESTERDAY'S RESULTS.

RUGBY COUNTY CHAMPIONSHIP.

KENT, 19 pts.; EASTERN COUNTIES, 5 pts.

In this game at Catford yesterday practically only second fiftens took the field. With the wind in their favour Kent had much the better of the opening half, tries for them being gained by Christie, Stringer, and Pinching.

He arsoned one goal. The Eastern Counties were only once dangerous at half-time Kent led by 1 goal to 0 tries to nothing.

The play in the second half was more even, and the Eastern Counties were seen to better advantage. They gained 1 try for 1 goal and Pease scored a goal. After a scoreless kick, and Bryson scored. He arsoned converted, and in the last minute He arsoned obtained a penalty try. Kent thus won by 2 goals and 3 tries to 1 goal.

NORTHERN UNION.

SEALENS, 14 pts.; HALIFAX, 5 pts.

This postponed match was played at St. Helens in windy weather. St. Helens had the advantage of the first half, and Halifax the second. Mr. Pearson, of St. Helens, was the best player of the day, and Pearson and Rothwell scored tries. Lea improving one.

Crossing over, Halifax had the best of matters until players tried to waylay the ball. Pearson improved try for St. Helens. Next the finish Rothwell scored for St. Helens, the place failing. St. Helens won by a goal and four tries to a goal and a try.

ROWDY WELSH PLAYERS.

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This postponed match was played at St. Helens in windy weather. St. Helens had the advantage of the first half, and Halifax the second. Mr. Pearson, of St. Helens, was the best player of the day, and Pearson and Rothwell scored tries. Lea improving one.

Respecting the Llandaff Fields game, where five tries were awarded for rough play, four were suspended for two months, and the other for one month. For the future it was resolved to open all meetings o the Press, a privilege denied them in the past.

THE CITY.

Markets Steadier All Round—Mr.

Lawson's Threats Damp the American Market.

CAPEL COURT, Wednesday Evening.—There was a steady improvement about markets today, and the close was rather firmer all round. The banks charged the Stock Exchange 3*½* cent. for settlement loans, against 3*¼* per cent. last evening, and the market was not very active then, so that the position was regarded favourable. The Consols picked up to 88*½*, and the new Irish loan was rather harder at 1*½* premium, while the New South Wales fresh issue was quoted at 3*½* premium. Peace rumours circulated once more by way of Justin.

Traffic returns announced to-day were poor. One or two of them were satisfactory, such as the London Central, Great Western, and the Midland, the market did not seem much disturbed over the remainder. In fact, the trade lines were inclined to rally, and a good point was made of the easy carry-over rates which were seen at the Settlement. North-Western was strong.

In America the threats of Mr. Lawson to publish an adverse circular seemed to be quite a damping influence, and New York gave no fresh support this afternoon. Southern Pacific were firm in their holding scheme. The market had expected £18,000 increase, the actual increase was only £9,325, and yet, after opening full, prices kept very steady throughout. The Canadian Pacific had a good increase to 61*½* dollars.

With the opening of the Rosario, Argentine traffic was excellent, and the small Rosario increase was explained by the lateness in moving the new wheat and recent wet weather. In fact, Argentine traffic was firm, and Argentine rail stocks were buying again. The market was lower and the traffic was poor, Mexican Railways were firm, but, taking the Foreign Railway section as a whole, it was less interesting than in the morning. The market was dull, and with the same name the price is not liked. The Lima Railways meeting, convened to consider the recent disastrous export shewing, was held within closed doors, the Press being excluded.

Foreign Bourses Confident.

On the whole the Foreign bourses seem reasonably confident, and as a result foreigners were firm. Berlin bought all its favourites. Peruvians seem to be bought, and the Central American and British bonds were keenly sought after, as also by a certain class of Americans. The buying of Chinese gold bonds continues, and Russian and Japanese descriptions were well maintained, and the latter were wanted. But copper shares were dull, perhaps fearing Mr. Lawson's attacks on them.

A lot of interest is taken in West African mining circles in the coming reduction of railway rates, which is, of course, calculated to benefit greatly the mining business. The foreign mining stocks seem up machinery. Business in the Argentine was not much to notice, but it was satisfactory to observe a considerably better tendency in the Kafir market. Here nothing more was heard of prospective failures, and at the finish there was a great general rally, particularly on the London scale, and this included Rhodesians and Egyptians.

The sensation of the Miscellaneous market was a sharp spur in National Telephone to 1*¾*, closing at 1*½*. The market will be interested to note that the agreement with Government is practically settled, whether it is signed or not, and certainly otherwise the failure to depress the market after the recent denials is very curious. Hudson's Bay were lower, but Dock stocks rose on earnings talk and trade prospects.

A Sheffield Trained Nurse writes:—

"I have used 'Antipon' in the case of the very fattest woman I have ever treated. The result has been marvellous. She is getting smaller and beautifully fit every day; the best of it is she is in perfect health now, where before she had all sorts of trouble."

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"'Antipon' not only speeds up absorption and throws out of the system all superabundant adipose matter, but increases strength and vitality."

An Oxfordshire Surgeon writes:—

"I am trying it ('Antipon') in a serious case of a man weighing 16 stone, short and with heart affection. He already has lost 3 stone."

NONE NEED BE FAT.

What "Antipon" Can Do.

"What is 'Antipon'?" is a question one often hears now; and it is as well that our stout readers should have a correct answer, instead of a misleading account of the world-famous fat-absorbent which has awakened so much interest in scientific and other circles.

"Antipon," in fact, is in many respects unique as a curative principle. In the first place, it positively cures—radically and permanently cures—the distressing disease of obesity or abnormal fatness. It cures by the gradual absorption and elimination from the body of the useless and dangerous packing of fat that has formed round the internal organs, and also of the subcutaneous fat that has developed into what is vulgarly called a "corporation," into flabby cheeks and double chin, into gross and puffy limbs and massive hips. All this unnecessary, unhealthy, and ugly growth is destroyed and expelled from the system with surprising rapidity by "Antipon," with lifelong benefit to the user.

"Antipon" is a pleasantly bitter liquid, resembling in colour a rich, light red wine. It is guaranteed free from any mineral or other dangerous substance, and could be taken by the most delicate person with advantage to health.

Our stout friends may obtain "Antipon" of chemists, stores, etc., in bottles, price 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d., from stock or on order; or, should any difficult arise, direct from the sole manufacturers, The "Antipon" Company, 13, Buckingham-street, Strand, London, W.C.

stroyed within a day and a night after taking the first dose amounts in weight to something between 8oz. and 3lb. This is the first result in quite ordinary instances of stoutness; in more pronounced cases the decrease will sometimes approach 4lb., as the infallible weighing-machine test has proved. After the initial reduction the decrease is sure and steady. Day by day the scales will tell their tale of diminution until in an incredibly short space of time correct standard proportion of weight and measurement are the assured reward. The doses should then be discontinued. There is no further need for "Antipon's" aid. The desired end has been attained, and the cure may be confidently regarded as lasting. During the course of cure it is quite needless to torture one's self with an unusual abstention from the pleasures of the table, so long as ordinary prudence and temperance are the guiding rules. Of course one must not, so to speak, feed the fat. No person of sense, under any kind of treatment, would indulge in fatty foods to excess. Apart from such rational precautions no hard and fast restrictions are required. "Antipon" does its beneficial work solely by itself, and requires no aid from semi-starvation, sweating, purging, or other weakening processes.

"Antipon," on the contrary, is of the greatest value as a tonic; it encourages and increases appetite, and the desire for wholesome food must be satisfied; for it is part of the work of this splendid medicine to promote the growth of new muscular tissue to compensate for the loss of bulk; to give renewed health and vigour in place of weakness and flabbiness, and to strengthen body, nerve, and brain. Think what a vital difference this exchange must make to one's well-being, energy, and vitality!

"Antipon" is a pleasantly bitter liquid, resembling in colour a rich, light red wine. It is guaranteed free from any mineral or other dangerous substance, and could be taken by the most delicate person with advantage to health.

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From all Chemists &c

Price 2s 6d and 4s 6d

Antipon

PERMANENTLY CURES OBESITY

ACTS AS A WONDERFUL TONIC ON THE ENTIRE SYSTEM

SUCCESSFUL IN EVERY CASE.

Distress yourself no more about your excessive fatness. There is a sure, guaranteed, permanent cure. "Antipon" is a home remedy which will reduce you to your normal weight and restore you to your normal health.

graceful proportions within a few weeks without any discomfort. "Antipon" expels the fat from the system by absorbing and eliminating it without the slightest strain on the constitution. It is quite harmless; a child might use it without danger.

There is no question about it. Hundreds have testified to its almost magical power. It is pleasant to the taste, easy to take (being a liquid), and wonderfully economical. The treatment can be followed without anyone else knowing anything about it. "Antipon" helps to strengthen the system by increasing the appetite and improving digestion. At the same time as it reduces weight, it enriches the blood, gives renewed nerve power, clears the skin, and beautifies the complexion. Excessive fatness will spoil the beauty of the most attractive women and the handsomest men. Once the tendency to corpulence asserts itself, it is difficult to arrest development. No matter how you starve yourself, or go in for violent exercise, the fat still increases, and without "Antipon" will go on increasing. This marvellous remedy will speedily improve matters. The double chin, flabby cheeks, bulky neck, protuberant abdomen, large hips, and all other indications of excessive fatness will soon subside into normal proportions, and, once reduced to symmetry, will permanently remain so reduced. You will not get stout again. "Antipon" will take off from 8oz. to 3lb. within a day and a night of the first dose. The reduction then proceeds steadily until proper dimensions are regained, together with restored health, excellent appetite, and a feeling of exhilaration and buoyant energy which very stout people can never experience.

The Sheffield Independent says:

"ANTIPON" is a preparation which bids fair to revolutionise medical science.

"ANTIPON" can be had of Chemist's Stores &c price 2*½* & 4*½* per bottle or should any difficulty arise may be obtained on (pending cash remittance) post free under private package direct from the manufacturers.

The ANTIPON C.13 BUCKINGHAM ST STRAND LONDON.

Telegraphic Address—CORPULENCE LONDON

Penny Illustrated Paper says—in ANTIPON The world is made richer by a marvellous discovery.

Small Advertisements

are received at the offices of the "Daily Mirror," 45 and 46, New Bond Street, W., and 2, Carmelite Street, E.C., between the hours of 10 and 6 (Saturdays, 10 to 2), at the rate of 12 words 1/- (1d. each word afterwards), except for Situations Vacant and Wanted, for which the rate is 1/- for 12 words, and 1d. per word after. Advertisements, if sent by post, must be accompanied by postal orders crossed Coutts & Co. (stamps will not be accepted).

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DAILY BARGAINS.

NOTICE.—When replying to Advertisements addressed to the "Daily Mirror" Office no remittance should be enclosed in the first instance.

Dress.

A.—Send 5s. 1d. and measurements (waist and length). For beautiful Skirts, made specially for you, lined in black or blue; honestly worth 10s.; often sent during January to introduce the new season's styles. Orders executed in 10 days' delay.—Rawlings, Retford, Notts.

A.—**BARGAIN.**—Elegant Fur set, long black caracul Duchess Stole; fashionable broad shoulders; beautifully rich and curly, with handsome large muff to match; patterned 10s.; send stamp.—The Linen Company, 90, Fleet-st., E.C.

A.—**BARGAIN.**—10s. 6d. parcel; 3 Chemises, 3 Knickers, 2 Petticoats, 5 Nightdresses, 10s. 6d.—Eva, 89, Union-nd, Clapham.

A.—FREE dainty sample Handkerchief, with illustrated "Lovers" stamp—The Linen Company, Oxford-st., London.

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B.—**BEAVERS** Complete Outfit, 19s. 6d.; postage 4d.; lovely patterned 10s.; Baker, Booby and Co., A. 7, Voluntar-y-pl., Wanstead, Essex.

B.—**BEAUTIFUL** Baby long Clothes; sets of 50 articles, 21s.; a bargain of loveliness; approval.—Mrs. Max, 16, The Chase, Nottingham.

B.—**BOOTS.** 5s. 4d. per pair, post free; ladies or gent's high-class foot-wear; astounding bargains; London West End designs; 10s. 6d. 12s. 6d. 14s. 6d. 16s. 6d. 18s. 6d. 20s. 6d. 22s. 6d. 24s. 6d. 26s. 6d. 28s. 6d. 30s. 6d. 32s. 6d. 34s. 6d. 36s. 6d. 38s. 6d. 40s. 6d. 42s. 6d. 44s. 6d. 46s. 6d. 48s. 6d. 50s. 6d. 52s. 6d. 54s. 6d. 56s. 6d. 58s. 6d. 60s. 6d. 62s. 6d. 64s. 6d. 66s. 6d. 68s. 6d. 70s. 6d. 72s. 6d. 74s. 6d. 76s. 6d. 78s. 6d. 80s. 6d. 82s. 6d. 84s. 6d. 86s. 6d. 88s. 6d. 90s. 6d. 92s. 6d. 94s. 6d. 96s. 6d. 98s. 6d. 100s. 6d. 102s. 6d. 104s. 6d. 106s. 6d. 108s. 6d. 110s. 6d. 112s. 6d. 114s. 6d. 116s. 6d. 118s. 6d. 120s. 6d. 122s. 6d. 124s. 6d. 126s. 6d. 128s. 6d. 130s. 6d. 132s. 6d. 134s. 6d. 136s. 6d. 138s. 6d. 140s. 6d. 142s. 6d. 144s. 6d. 146s. 6d. 148s. 6d. 150s. 6d. 152s. 6d. 154s. 6d. 156s. 6d. 158s. 6d. 160s. 6d. 162s. 6d. 164s. 6d. 166s. 6d. 168s. 6d. 170s. 6d. 172s. 6d. 174s. 6d. 176s. 6d. 178s. 6d. 180s. 6d. 182s. 6d. 184s. 6d. 186s. 6d. 188s. 6d. 190s. 6d. 192s. 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